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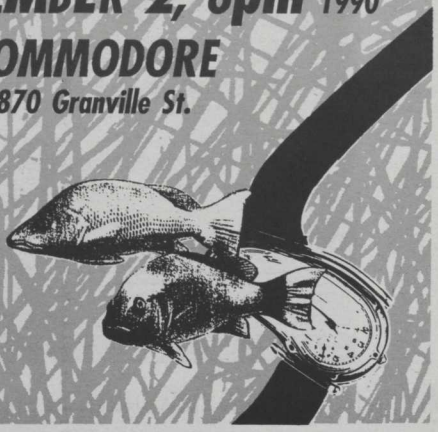

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CASEY & FINNEGAN by David Hawkes captured backstage at the Centennial Theatre, North Vancouver. Photographed with a Kodak Instamatic using ASA 100 colour film in natural indoor fluorescent light enhanced by an internal flash.

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KISSES AND HUGS

Secret admirer
XXOO

D.D.A.

That means dear darling airhead. I dream about you every night. You have the cutest ass did you know that? I Love to watch you play football, I Love to watch you play anything as long as I get to stare at your gorgeous face and bod. Well that's all for now just remember I Love you. XXOO Till next time my love,
from your

But what about my mind?

FRANKLY MY DEAR I DON'T GIVE A—

My Dear Air-Head:

September's Discorder (delightful cover, sir) more than confirmed all my suspicions regarding that appalling musical group, The Led Zeppelin, yet it is not the first time I've come across this sort of hidden dissolution in song lyrics. One need look no further than the croonings of one Frank Sinatra. His very name is a give-away. Frank, Sin, forsooth, why not wake up to those everyday phrases "FRANK depictions of..." or "FRANKly suggestive scenes of..." This man is everywhere.

Mr. Sinatra's hit "All The Way" received wide-spread radio coverage. Even its title, a well-known euphemism for The Act, is a shockingly explicit enticement to sexual license. It has been suggested that Sinatra couldn't have known the meaning of this phrase. Ha! A swinger like Frank would be fully aware of such hipster slang, don't kidster yourself! Don't force me to remind you of his rendition of "Let's Do It (Let's Fall In Love)." "All The Way" is quite sufficient to prove his perversion:

Taller than the tallest tree
That's how it's got to feel...

(A dreadful thought. And what about the rainforests?)

Deeper than the deep blue seas
That's how deep it goes
If it's real...

Good lord. Surely that's too deep. How "Enterpainment Tonight!" And notice the reference to pornography in deep BLUE seas? I thought you would, you're not that stupid.

However, there IS the line "If it's real." Come, that's more like it! No sex toys, no marital aids for Mr. Sinatra. Obviously it's a case of "Will the real member please rise?" for Frank. As I listened to the song, I began to forgive him a little until the final verse arrived with its veiled threat, its declaration of evil intent:

If you let me love you
It's for sure I'm gonna love you
All the way.

Mr. Sinatra nearly deafens us, over and over again, with this frightening crescendo. We must completely forget what rock music is doing to teenagers. Millions of middle-aged, middle-class people play this song and others just like it as after-dinner-wine-for-two-just-you-and-me-by-candle-light-fire-side-fuck-music on a daily basis. What is it doing to THEM?

Ominously,
T.D. Vladamira

Aha! And a Ho-Ho! An interesting and challenging letter in which the reader offers several well-developed arguments, although his/her examples perhaps lack a bit of the relevance we have come to expect. May we respectfully suggest you tune your radio receiver from 103.5 to 101.9, add a drop of Lamb's to your evening tea, and forget the 'middle-agers'. After all, perhaps we owe a debt of thanks to Mr. Sinatra, for without his 'explicit encitements' many of us may have remained mere glimmers in our parents' eyes! Cheers!

NEXT TIME USE YOUR REAL NAME

Dear Airhead:
RE: Jane's Addiction Review, October Discorder

Yeah, BIG buzz on these guys and oooh, some nasty artwork on their album jackets to boot! Oooh! Still sounds like a cross between Ian Anderson on 'ludes and a really bad VH#1 and VH#2-era Van Halen to me.

Sparky

Roses are Red
Violets are Blue
There's space in Reviews
For a Big Mouth like You

A MEETING OF THE MINDS

Airhead:

It was there when I saw him alone I tore into his brain and forever have eternal peace, unknowing I march through the red rivers of disillusionment and upon reaching my final destination I fell into the tunnel of shadows, above me a great bright light and here I was watching, waiting to recall what was once a time to be but lost: there he stood before me to be given a sign; the right to rule over the fate of the ones to be, not to face the fear of prisoners which are; beneath me the smell of dying souls condemned.

Moving forward once again being in a universal space in time I face the light to see the pain of those who were placed there to continue their work, again moving forward I saw the lives of those who were trapped in their devotion to a cause that has long since been dealt with by a powerful force sustained by the pressure of man, descending slowly onward I could hear the cries of those who I had left behind. Now as I lay awake only to hear the chirping of birds in their coming of springtime, I am waiting to be found amongst the devotion of those who know.

King.

King, meet Michael...

Dear Airhead:

There's a consciousness on campus and it involves the people across the street, but it emanates from YOU GUYS. There's always a people in the oddest spots and they're only trying to fool me, but I know; I've been told. Your station should try to deal with this kind of thing.

Love,
Michael J. Hamilton

...and Michael meet King. We'll talk to you again after your date. Stay tuned; we'll be back in two and two...

THE OCTOBER CRISIS: ISSUE FROM HELL!

Yes, it's true. The October issue of Discorder was truly a nerve-wracking, hair-pulling, devil's-spawn of an issue. And while it would be easy, maybe even fun, to place the blame elsewhere, I'm afraid it must fall squarely on my under-developed shoulders. My humble apologies to:

Greg Elsie, who should have been credited for all photos in the Chuck D. article;

BZ Jam, for *writing* the Chuck D. article;

Len Whistler, for the photograph in the Nirvana piece; and

David Carswell, who was not credited for his short story, "Chiro".

But my biggest apology [read: whimpering plea for forgiveness] must go to **Nicole Steen**, the artist who contributed the October cover. It should be known that the color overlay and the gray tone overlay were the sole responsibility of the Art Director [that'd be me]. Nicole had given clear instructions as to how and where she wanted any color added to the illustration. For whatever reason [I was unusually grumpy, evil Klingons were controlling my brain], I completely screwed the overlays up. The result was a cover that was not as good as it could have been, had the proper instructions been followed. Once again, Nicole, my apologies.

There, I... I feel better now... cleaner, somehow... now the healing can begin...

Geoff Coates.

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A new column of sorts for those of you who like to finish something before it's time to flush.

Getting Anti-Antisocial With Frank. by Lloyd Uliana

On the eve of their Persistence of Time European Tour, Nitzer Ebb piece of shit Uliana picks up the receiver and talks music industry with Frank Bello, bacillus anthracis of New York maestros of mosh, Anthrax.

Realistically, Anthrax are at the peak of their career. You've released your strongest album yet. The affirmation of metal as a legitimate form of popular music, a video budget, and the support of the industry as a whole, including your record company, all have a role in this. With that in mind, there are a couple references made to time on the LP...In the deepest darkest recesses of Frank Bello's mind, is he at all concerned after nine years and five albums that time itself may be passing Anthrax by?

I used to worry about that when I was younger. That was the whole concept of the album. It's not a concept album, but the idea of the "persistence of time"...the notion of making your mark and doing it now. That's really what it's all about...Just do it [TM]. Do what you want to do and do it now. Don't get me wrong, of course it's always in the back of my mind, but I think our fans are smarter than that. They know the originals. There are so many groups coming out now that try to sound like an Anthrax...the top two: the Metallica/ Anthrax-thing. It's so boring already. I listen and I don't know whether I should laugh or take it as a compliment.

Both you and Metallica have taken years to get where you are and these clone bands just get right in there like a dirty shirt with more dollars behind them and some gimmicky marketing campaign...

I don't worry about that. We'll always come out with things that please us, and the fans are smart.

When Anthrax were last in town, opening for Kiss, drummer Charlie Benante told me: "One thing about us is that we're pretty honest about a lot of things. We don't try and put ourselves in some rock-star-type category. We're real people off-stage and onstage, and I think the kids can tell." With reference to what I said before about big bucks being spent on creating almost mythical images for many of your contemporaries, do you think this philosophy has the potential of working against Anthrax?

No. I think our fans appreciate us just being normal guys. I was at a club last night in New York and these kids just couldn't believe I was hanging out and talking to them. They couldn't get over that. They appreciate it that much more because we don't come across as being something we're not... Put it this way: I'm a big Madonna fan. If I was to meet Madonna and she just spoke naturally, I wouldn't think less of her. I'd think that would be the best thing in the world.

"In My World" ("I'd rather be alone/In my world/I'm not afraid/I am not afraid/Nothing touches me/I'm a walking razor blade") seems to reveal some type of personal turmoil. Care to discuss it?

It's just about standing up for yourself...being proud of what you are and just making sure you do everything you want to do in life. Don't be afraid to show what you're made of.

Anthrax return to North American shores in late December and will show this continent what they're made of early in the new year with Maiden headlining. DISCORDER has five cassettes of Persistence In Time to hand out to interested new subscribers to THAT MAGAZINE FROM CiTR. Don't forget to add a buck for the post office.

SHOOTING THE SHIT

Tom Milne talks to vocalist Jason and drummer Richard of Lung

Where did the name Lung come from? Are you the bastard offspring of another band named Lungfish which then separated and became Lung?
J: Not that I know...There was a movie done in New York by Richard Kern who's a director and one of his stars was this actress Lung Leg and she was on the cover of Sonic Youth's ***Evol*** album... That's not necessarily where it came from but that's one version. And then the other thing is all this biblical reference stuff too.

You've only played twice so far?
R: ...Cruel Elephant both times.
J: After our first gig we were likened to human feces, and if we sound like that, so be it.
R: We had a couple of sound problems at the first gig...the mix was really bad.
J: Not so bad...I think our sound epitomizes shit...

So how did shit manage to get a second gig?
J: I guess people like shit...It's not a derogatory thing, though. We played and we're proud of it...We thought it was great; like Neil Young says: "That's my sound man," well, that's OUR sound. Shit. Feces.

Have you tried getting gigs at any other venues and found they're just not interested in local bands?
R: We've thought about it and we want to get a couple gigs somewhere else but basically the Cruel Elephant ones just fell into place without really trying hard... Before the Cruel Elephant happened, there weren't very many places apart from the Town Pump that had decent gigs... I don't think SkinYard would have come up if there wasn't a Cruel Elephant and I think it's a good place to play for alternative bands.

I've noticed a lot of fairly big bands that aren't big enough to draw Town Pump crowds playing there.
J: At the Town Pump they used to do that kind of stuff but now it's getting to be out of town shows mostly and they're mostly like—

Rock Stars?
J: Yeah.

You've recorded a single but haven't released it yet. Do you foresee any release date?
J: We're kind of looking for someone to do it... They say in Canada, or even in North America, Vancouver is kind of a hot spot for music, but I can't see it because local bands such as ourselves have doors slammed in their face. There aren't really any local labels that will put out

MYTHING OUT
Lisa Christiansen Debunks With The Posies

The Posies know a lot about urban myths. Hailing from the latest hottest record label hunting ground in America and recently signed to DGC Records, they're especially familiar with the ones about bands who become overnight success stories after getting picked up by major labels. Cornering the band after their stint on the Nardwuar Organized show, DISCORDER tried to get to the bottom of some of these nasty rumours.

MYTH 1: They must be rich!
"You have less money than ever before," confides Posies' singer and guitarist Ken Stringfellow. "You think there are going to be more things you can count on, but it turns out there are even less because you are everything you were before but now there's another entity involved." Other guitarist/singer Jon Auer adds: "Now we're in debt, but we don't think about that very much. People think you get signed, and then people hand you a lot of money and you go out and buy and car."

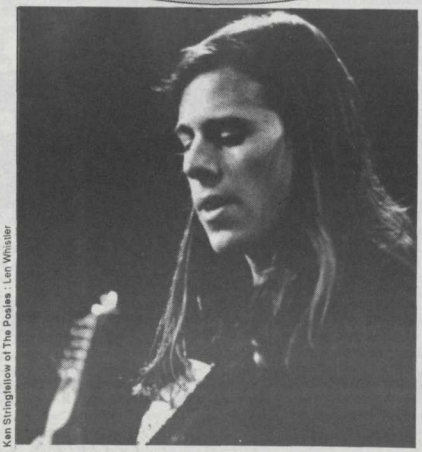
MYTH 2: Wow, it's so cool to be a band from Seattle!
According to Ken, "People tend to hype it up outside of Seattle and people inside tend to downplay it, 'cause they know what it really is. There have always been good bands in Seattle, it's just that now *Rolling Stone* is writing about it." "For the bands that are still around, it's good," says Jon, "because basically whoever has a guitar is getting signed these days. It's really weird."

MYTH 3: Because The Posies aren't on Sub Pop, they don't have the "Seattle Sound."
"When people say that there is a Seattle sound, they obviously have something in mind already, but it doesn't apply to everyone," bass player, Rick Roberts points out. "It's like saying that every band from Athens, Georgia sounded like R.E.M., and for a while people actually thought that. But there are probably jazz bands in Athens and heavy metal bands, too. They just don't get written about because they aren't part of the hype."

MYTH 4: The Posies play pop.
"We're getting to the point where calling it rock music is the easiest because people misconstrue what pop music is, they associate it with something that's not really us," Mike says. Explains Jon, "It's just that we can't say we write pop songs anymore because no one will accept our definition of a pop song. If you say you write pop songs it means you must like the Raspberries or the Shoes. People want a really easy way to pigeon hole something; it's the *USA Today* definition of everything."

MYTH 5: Their lives are perfect now.
Says Ken, "You have to work twice as hard because there's a stigma that once you get signed, you get lazy, and people think it's less work." Jon adds, "But now that it's here, there are no more excuses. It's not like we don't have equipment or the ability to tour with somebody. No longer can we say we can't do this because of this or that, we now have every opportunity, and there's a lot of work involved."

Despite their willingness to reveal the truth about themselves, there are still some things the Posies are trying desperately to hide. Such as the name of the band they will soon be touring America with. But what self-respecting band would want to admit a liason with Gene Loves Jezebel anyway?



Ken Stringfellow of The Posies : Len Whistler

any music... well, our kind of music anyway...

You managed to get a really cool live sound [on the single]... You sound as harsh on the recording as when I saw you live.
J: That could be due to our father figure producer, Don Gordon from NUMB. It was really easy. We did all the vocals live and all the instruments live at the same time. I was surprised; it has a really live sound. I was happy.

Are you heavily influenced by any band or any thing in music right now?
J: No...Just feces. We're really into it. It permeates everything; all of our music...That's why it was the greatest when someone actually said hey, you guys sounded like this; then we went "Yeah, now our cause is set."
R: I recently read in a book just today something which is very true, everything that lives shits and then it dies...
J: The whole human existence has something to do with shit, I mean, if we're pissed off at someone we'll say "You no good shit, you suck shit." Everything is shit, it's all around. Countries are like that too, they'll shit on each other and all that kind of shit. See, I just said it... That's what we're all about.

What are your lyrics about?
J: I think what we're trying to put across is just, instead of content and thought so much, it's more just like emotion.

So you're trying to get across an emotion in the music and the lyrics just complement that. Like death.
J: Death and shit.

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Doors open at 8p.m.

The Fox comes clean. No longer a party animal, a radio mascot speaks out. *By the Man Sherbet.*

Autumn is hiking season for me. The mild weather is ideal, and a quiet backwoods walk along the North Shore mountain trails clears the mind after a busy summer. I often hike with my old friend Marcel, an ex-mercenary with a lot of gung ho still left in him. He turns up on my doorstep on Sunday mornings with a large buck knife strapped to his hip, and a camouflage bandana tied over his head. It wouldn't matter to him if I was, for instance, getting married that afternoon; Marcel expects me to climb that mountain peak with him regardless.

We arrived at the trail's base earlier than most day-hikers—Marcel drives one of those 4X4's that we could drive to the top if we had to. The wheels and suspension elevate the cab so high, climbing out is equivalent to making a 10-metre dive. We began our ascent, whereupon Marcel, as always, launched into descriptions of his close-calls during various African coups d'etat. But today these nasty tales of torture and the martial arts bored me and I respectfully tuned my zealous friend out, trying to enjoy the scenery instead.

Shortly, I knew this hike would not be an opportunity for me to relax and think. Marcel's pace up that mountain was unrelenting. I pondered important things like, When will we rest? Do we have enough rations? and, Should I have worn an extra pair of socks? In any kind of macho endeavor with Marcel you had to give 150% without a whimper. I've never been to boot camp, but I caught a whiff of it now, downwind.

Sunday's outing had become an odyssey. Two hours into the four hour ascent I was racked by aches from my ears down. We came upon a lovely stream that cracked open the dense forest we'd been journeying through; the sky was visible again, the sun glinted off the coursing water. I was so weary they could have happily buried me in this beautiful setting. On the other hand, Marcel, in Spartan fashion, merely cupped his hands for a brief slurp, splashed his face, and resumed his march. He expected me to fall in behind but I just sat there, frozen and indifferent.

That creekside boulder I laid upon was now home. The rushing sound of the water lulled me away from my pain. My spirit lifted from my limp Sherbet mass, and sailed along after Marcel to explain I wouldn't make it to the top. Don't bother with helicopters or rescue teams, I thought, my remains will make excellent fertilizer for some little tree.

Suddenly, a splash broke my peace. Downstream, the orange, mangy-furred, puffy figure of a fox lifted itself out of the creek. Lord, that clumsy animal was the C-FOX fox! Immediately spotting me splayed on that sunny rock, the fox panicked and dashed up an embankment into the woods. Damn! I began a chase. "Whoa, wait a second!" I beckoned. The Fox stumbled over the fallen trees and underbrush, branches clawing its half-drenched fur. How could you tell this was a city fox? It was no match: the Fox was too out of shape. It dropped to its knees, huffing. "Fuck," it cursed. "Aw, fuck, look, do your worst, I don't care." This was a despondent creature. "Hold on, fella, I'm not going to hurt you," I assured it. The Fox nodded mistrustfully, then cursed some more.

The friendly thing to do, I thought, was to let on I knew its identity. "Say, haven't I seen you at a shopping mall?" "Oh, shit, yeah," it retorted. "And at car lots, lots of car lots. You might've seen me at car stereo shops, or half-blasted in a night club—you go to Dick's? Anyway, if there was an opportunity for some mindless station promo at a sewing shop or a manure dump, I'd be there handin' out stickers. Oh, shit, yeah."

I didn't know whether to laugh at or pity this scruffy beast. Clearly, the Fox was disaffected in its role as mascot, representative and clown for a radio station. We were alone; I suggested we talk. "Pull up a log, Fox." With that we sat, and things relaxed between us considerably. All I had to do was listen; this was a predator with a lot on its mind.

"I really thought I was making a good move leaving the wilderness back in '79. There was this good little FM station called CKLG that was going to change its name to CFOX. There was something about that station then...I dunno, it felt homegrown. There was something organically correct about a station operated in Vancouver by local people, y'know? Hip to the city and what made it tick. They had great morning talent—Collins and Marshall: clever guys. They had a hot night guy, "Shafe." They even had Ellie O'Day: a woman announcer with an IQ in the three figure range. I wasn't going to argue. They wanted a fox; I was a fox. I took the gig.

"Then there was a rough period. They put a lot of knobs on the air. I figured 'They just need time,' eh. I just went about my own job, showing up at motorcycle shops for live remotes, going to a bunch of grad parties, getting stoned, and so on. I got to do good stuff, it wasn't all mindless; I'd visit the Children's Hospital and work telethons and the like. But I was so trashed after all-night coke sessions I hardly cared after a while. Shee-it! there was a lot of blow around. Coke left some big holes in radio peoples' lives, not to mention mine. That's why I'm out here, man. I had to get away.

"Back at the station, things got worse. Ten years I was there, ten fucking years! You think they'd put one good morning team together, or even one good afternoon drive show. Forget it. Fox announcers have had the collective wit of a tire dump. One way or another it's been the same line: 'Let's party!' Trust me, all that hedonism is not good for the soul. Eventually someone's got to pay for it all, right?"

The Fox captivated me; its passion for radio was evident, its own feelings sharply real. It struck me that within a few minutes, this animal, complete with dry thistles stuck to its matted fur, had engaged me more thoroughly than the station had in a decade. It continued, fidgeting as it spoke, playing with a fungus that protruded from the log on which he sat.

"Sure, they played the same shit as everyone else on the continent, they read all the trade publications, programmed all the well-researched songs. But that's part of the problem. They never believed in their own judgement. It's been years since they broke any new acts. A song got played at C-FOX only if it tested well in Chicago or wherever, y'know?

"Then they tried being a yuppie station for a couple of years: hired yuppie staff, hung pictures of yuppies around the station and pointed to them, saying, 'Remember, this is who's listening.' Well, the yuppies didn't listen and the ratings died. So it was back to the lowest common denominator: the guys in baseball caps, the 'partyers.' I swear, when I came out of the woods in '79, "party" wasn't a verb, am I right?

"It hurts me to be so candid. Some people did good work at the station. And everyone means well, y'know? But there comes a point when you can feed the public only so much pablum. You put women on the air with names like Jody, Dusty, Candi or Sissy: mere boy toys. You hire announcers from Butthole, Saskatchewan and all they can do is tell "Surrey" jokes. It's a goddamned Vancouver station; the studio's on Richards street for cryin' out loud! WHY DOES IT SOUND LIKE IT'S FROM BACKWASH, ALBERTA?!"

"Hold on! Hold on!" I urged the Fox. The shouting sent an owl flapping from its nest. "You keep that up and they'll hear you at the station." "It wouldn't matter," argued the Fox. "Radio stations couldn't operate without smugness. They'll point to the ratings books and say, 'Oh but, we're number one in this demographic, chum.' Blah, blah. It doesn't mean the programming isn't forgetable crap, eh."

"So what finally made you get out, Fox?" I asked. "I mean, you put up with it all for a long time." It responded directly. "The fuckin' contests. Half our audience, y'know, was listening to win something. Why else, huh? They came up with the idea to get cheap advertising for the station: get every drone out there to write "The Fox Rocks" where people can see it. Some morons blocked a bridge in rush hour with a banner. Someone put "The Fox Rocks" on Jim Morrison's grave. Live TV broadcasts get interrupted. One guy slept outside with a gorilla mask on holding a "Fox Rocks" placard. In another contest, one fucker set himself on fire, and leapt off a roof shouting. At the station, they of course love it.

"Personally, I was indignant. For me, no more fuckin' contests, no more parties, no more drugs and booze. Back to the woods I went, back on all fours. I'm dying for a burger, but berries and squirrels will have to do."

"Well, Fox, I salute you. For all these years I thought you were an ass, but clearly you're a fox with dignity. Let me shake your paw." And with that I reached out my hand. Suddenly: "Don't move, Sure-bet!" Marcel leapt up from the underbrush. "Marcel, NO!" I shouted. Marcel grabbed the startled-looking Fox from behind, twisted its head back, and drew his buck knife out and across its throat. The Fox fell limp from Marcel's arms. Marcel stood coldly, breathing hard, blood dripping from his hands. "I saved you, Sure-bet." "Marcel," I cried, "you killed the C-FOX Fox!" "Oh really?" Looking down at the carcass, he chuckled. "Ey, Fox, where's dat Terry an' Billy, uhn?"

I sat up shuddering on my sunny creekside rock. I'd fallen asleep. Marcel walked toward me. "Hey, Sure-bet, I 'ope you 'ad a good sleep, uhn. Come on, you're going to the top with me, writer." With that, Marcel turned back on to the trail for the top. I stood up, surprised it had all been a dream. I started after him, but noticed a tree fungus, obviously torn from where it grew, lying on the rock beside me. I lifted it up. On the smooth beige underside, carved in little brown letters it read "The Fox Rocks." Not really, I decided, tossing it in the creek.

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SOUL HUNTER

NIGHT OF THE HUNTER

BY LLOYD ULIANA

Ferragamo. Gucci. The Uffizi Gallery. Dante Alighieri. Cellini. Wildcat strikes by Black Plague-era gravediggers. Pankow. Yeah, we're talking Firenze, Italia here, folks; cradle of intellectual freedom and trousseau linens, true, but more importantly home to the 1900 lire Due Fontane Hotel laundered schluepfer extravaganza. Imagine your most stain-laden unterhosen professionally disinfected and returned to your happy little lovehandles before a night out on the town, for less than two bucks! This applies to both cotton and silk mutandine. Do they know how to pamper tourists in Firenze? I should say so. Firenze also serves as home to the Soul Hunters, a young psychedelic quintet whom you probably won't be reading about in the British press, even though their records are sold in stores as far away as New York and Tokyo. Even we just sorta stumbled onto them, actually, but with an Italian/English dictionary just begging for affection, proceeded to do our first interview in a language other than English. Chief Soul Hunter Nicola Vannini does the parlez-vousing. Uliana holds the mic and spends a weekend translating.

Well, I guess some kind of basic history of the band, some of your background, is in order....

Ten years ago, I began singing in a group called Diaframma, who are still around. The music was 'dark' like Joy Division, but I sang in Italian. In 1983, I left Diaframma to sing on my own, and a year later I formed a group that calls itself the Soul Hunters. We've released three records since 1984, two EPs *Cain's Sign* and *Maelstrom*, the most recent LP *Just in the Nick of Time*, and a recording which might seem a little strange, with English guitarist Bevis Frond, entitled Nick and Nick and the Psychotic Drivers. Nick (Saloman a/k/a Bevis Frond) was on vacation here in 1988. We jammed for four hours with the other Soul Hunters and put it down onto tape, mixed these completely improvisational sessions in the studio a bit and released it.

Is Bevis Frond popular in Italy?

In Italy, yes. This style of psychedelia with 70s/Hendrix influences is very popular. Bevis Frond was more of a cult figure at one time because his limited run records were much more difficult to find than they are now.

Is there anyone else you'd like to work with in the future?

I suppose there's really only one: Julian Cope, whom I very much admire. I really like everything he's done. Perhaps on the last record, *Just in the Nick of Time*, there are many influences, one being Julian Cope. As far as experimental music(ians) are concerned, it would be Frank Zappa.

I take it that he's pretty popular in Italy as well.

Yes, he is popular. He's an extraordinary musician. He's broken a lot of ground. He's honest. He's always been honest in what he's done and what he's told his public. He's always remained very integral in his numerous outings.

Frank Zappa is also a big proponent of anti-censorship in America. He put out the *Mothers of Prevention* LP with clips of Senate hearings on censorship interspersed among musical tracks.

Yes, I remember reading how he was telling his fans to write to their elected representatives. On the new LP, there are references to Zappa. We even do a cover of his: "The Torture Never Stops."

For someone like myself who has never heard your music, how would you compare your earlier releases to the *Just in the Nick of Time* LP?

There's many differences, mostly in experiences gained over time. For instance, when I was singing in Diaframma, I used to sing in Italian which I wasn't too fond of. I always listened to British or American music which I felt allowed for greater emotion even though I'm quite limited in my understanding of the English language. However *(laughs)*, I still like it. I never liked Italian music. It's too melodic, too ethereal. I don't support it and I never will. In a group setting, others bring in their experiences. This last LP is a summary of everything that has happened in the past ten years. I mean, it's all new. Some songs were written three years ago and rearranged.

Yes, but if I pick up *Cain's Sign* and *Just in the Nick of Time* and make a comparison....

It's always us, I suppose, although there are changes also in the way you compose music. In Italy, it's very difficult to work well. Recording studios, proficient technical assistance are hard to come by. A lot of the differences between the two discs are of a technical nature.

Does radio play your stuff?

Yes, independent radio. Corporate, state-owned stations like RAI don't stick behind this sort of thing. There are late night shows, but during the day forget it. The only medium is independent radio and not even there because money is the bottom line. Now it's house, acid house, acid jazz, because that's what sells ads for them. Then, there are other independent local stations in every city and every region. For instance, in Firenze, there's a station called Controradio (translation: against radio) *(laughs)* which is the only station that transmits indie material from morning to night.

Is psychedelia accepted in Italy?

No, it's more underground. It also depends what kind of psychedelia, for instance, light and poppy, dirge, or 'trippy.' It's very underground. There's a style of psychedelia, English psychedelia like The House of Love, The Smiths, Primal Scream: psychedelic, yes, but more pop. American psychedelic is different, grimier, a little darker. Italians consider there to be a big difference between American and British psychedelia.

If you decided to take two weeks off from your comfy job, could you pull off a successful tour?

No; in Italy, there exists neither the place nor clubs where you can play peacefully. It's a different situation than America or than any other European country like Germany, France, or England. Clubs don't exist. It's all because they don't believe in young Italian groups. This is a large problem. Thus, many groups have short lives. You certainly can't make a living at it. Even if there were many locations, say, one hundred places throughout Italy, they pay little. I'm sure you could do it for the promotion, to move your LP, but it doesn't exist. This is not good.

Is there nothing happening in Firenze?

Yes, there are other groups, but they're scarce. The better groups came out ten years ago: Pankow, Litfiba, Diaframma, and the ones that replaced them didn't have any substance.

And CCCP, where do they come from?

Bologna. I don't like them all. They make me sick!

Contact:
Contempo Records, Via De'Neri 15/R, 50122 Firenze, Italia

GWAR 'N' ME

BY UNCLE WIGGLY

GWAR is from Antarctica. GWAR is the heir apparent to KISS. GWAR is the most incredible stage spectacle in the world except for an Andrew Lloyd Weber production. GWAR is actually a bunch of guys from art school in Virginia. These statements may or may not be true, but legions of GWAR fans seeking answers were disappointed when the show scheduled for October 17 was cancelled. Due to my lucky experience, at last the truth can be told about this group, once the most underground of underground metal bands. This is the story of how GWAR sold their guts to Hollywood and sold out the fans they despise in the same transaction.

Scene 1: Zulu Records Tues Oct 2nd 9, 4:53 PM

The guys from Tankhog walk in, talking about an open casting call for extras for a movie being shot down at Graceland. Supposedly there's a concert scene featuring GWAR. Everything is coming together at 6:00.

Scene 2: A circus tent across from B.C. Place 6:02 P.M.

A movie dude is handing out release forms to all who enter: "Please write your agent's name at the top! If you don't give your social insurance number, you won't get paid!". The room is chock full of mohawks, leather, and tattoos. I feel decidedly out of place in my royal blue windbreaker and my beloved Washington Senators baseball cap. I sit down, feeling miserable until I see Karl and Keith from Superconductor. I walk over to them. "My God, it looks like the punk scene from ***Quincy*** in here!" says Karl. He's right. I realize that no matter what happens, a precedent has been set: this will suck. I close my eyes and click my heels together, wishing that I was home in bed. It doesn't work, I'm still here. I soon learn that on a rainy day, an enclosed rubber tent filled with 300 bodies tends to smell. Bad.

Scene 3: Graceland (OOPS! Club Voltaire) 7:10 P.M.

The producers round up all of the sheep—pardon me, EXTRAS, and put them into their places around the stage. There is a massive drum kit with the heavy metal standard double kick drum. On the front head of each drum is what looks like a huge mutant pizza with a bloodshot 12 inch eyeball peering from the center. Surrounding the eyeball is a rosette of rubber goat horns ranging form about 6 inches to 18 inches in length. There is a huge GWAR banner behind this kit and three towering Marshall amp stacks just in front of this. The gaffers or best boys or whatever you call them are bringing out huge rubber axes, maces, swords and dishes full of blood packets. Meanwhile two women walk through the extras, handing out GWAR T-shirts to any one who's wearing a Misfits or Husker Du or Agnostic Front shirt. Everyone who gets a T-shirt has to give his name: if they swipe the shirt, they forfeit their pay. It probably isn't too far off base to assume they will be washed and sold on tour after the shoot.

A guy with a megaphone whom I assume is the director of this screen gem hops up on stage. "Alright everybody, listen up, we're going to bring GWAR out here in just a few minutes, but first I'm going to explain the scene to you. Imagine that two kids from the suburbs are in the big city for the evening, they decide to walk into Club Voltaire and what do the they see? Yep, they see all you guys freaking out and then they see GWAR, now what do ya think of that?!"

Scene 4: The Arrival of the Antareticans - 7:56 P.M.

"GWAR! GWAR! GWAR!" is the chant that rises as the crowd sees them get on stage. The biggest cheer is for lead singer Oderus Urungerous who magnificently resembles one of the characters from the Cantina in ***Star Wars***. One of the guitarists sports a massive set of testicles that hangs half way to his knees and a face that closely resembles a bear trap from a Roadrunner cartoon. The bass player, dressed like a Trojan warrior, has a bass the shape of a giant t-bone steak. Everyone in the group is splattered with copious amounts of blood. Most conspicuously bloody is a woman who plays the slave master; she has a huge rust-coloured smear between her legs.

"When are you guys going to fuckin' play?" one punk spits viciously after the band has been standing up on stage for about five or six minutes without doing anything. They look even more out of place than I do. "We're not playing live, this is going to be on tape," grunts Oderus. "What kind of shit is this? A fuckin' New Kids on the Block fuckin' airband?" retorts one guy. Someone behind me says, "I guess we'll have to wait until the show to see them actually play!" When I tell him that the show has been cancelled, the fire really starts to spread through the first six or seven rows of people. "You guys are such a bunch of sell-outs...what are you doin' on WEA records man?!" "Do you guys even play your instruments at all?" The abuse flies for a good five or ten minutes and the band is getting visibly uncomfortable. Oderus looks over at his guitarist and says in his Scandinavian accent, "Why the fuck did we take this cheesy gig?!" One guy in the front is going insane calling them posers and sellouts. Oderus regains his composure, walks over and squirts blood from his mouth into the heckler's face.

Scene 5: Lights, Camera, Action! 8:49 P.M.

The tape rolls "The Horror of Yid" from the ***Scumdogs of the Universe*** album; the crowd goes nuts crushing up against the stage. Blood flows like a river from Oderus' mouth as he holds a huge rubber axe over his head. A skinhead wearing an "Oi!" T-shirt is led onto the stage. A GWAR character grabs a scimitar and lops off his head. The headless body flails its arms uselessly as it gambols about, squirting blood in a twelve foot arc into the crowd staining everything in the way. The song climaxes with the blood-splattered slavedriver running two lighted torches up and down her nearly-naked body. "Okay guys, that one's a keeper," says the director.

Scene 6: Dinner, 10:30 P.M.

"Okay, People, one donut per person please, there is coffee and water in the containers by the bar." All of the good chocolate long johns are taken so I'm eating a powdered jelly donut with a filling that looks a bit like the red food coloring that covers my shirt and cap. GWAR couldn't get off the stage soon enough either. All of them have a telltale ring of white powder surrounding their mouths, although Oderus' is understandably tinted a bit pink. Ms. Slavedriver, chatting amiably with one of the extras, looks surprisingly at ease for someone in a leather g-string and metal bra. By this time word has gone around that the shoot will be going on until five o'clock in the morning. Having heard "The Horror of Yid" ten times in a row already, I decide I've had enough of the movie business and enough of GWAR. I ducked outside into the pouring rain. It is cold enough to see my breath and my feet are soaking wet, but I still feel warmer than I'd felt inside.

Explanations and theories regarding the GWAR cancellation abound, including one involving a disgruntled guitarist quitting, replaced by one who wasn't able to play GWAR's songs but was capable of airbanding in a film. Some claimed the movie shoot was part of the GWAR itinerary all along. DISCORDER went straight to the horse's mouth and was told by a promoter that this part of the tour was scrapped due to a severe illness in the family of guitarist Balsak, "The Jaws of Death." Missed dates will be reschduled.

SUPER CON DUCTOR

ROCK AND ROLL TOOK ITS TOLL: THE STORY OF A CANADIAN BAND

BY MARY REGEHR

The hedonistic excesses of the rock 'n' roll lifestyle have claimed many a promising young band on the verge of the big-time; now Vancouver has its own addition to the casualty list. Yes, those rumours are true: Superconductor have broken up.

Just what WAS this "Superconductor"? you ask. Simply nine of the skinniest, whitest, longest-haired hoser-boys ever to lay hands on axes: six guitarists, two bass players and a drummer. This musical monstrosity stalked the earth for a brief year and a half, from July of '89 to October '90, only to be torn apart by girl trouble, bruised egos, drug abuse and the alleged mishandling of band funds. In the course of their illustrious career, they managed to set up and perform on some of the smallest stages in town, they packed regular & all-ages venues alike, garnered rave reviews in the local music press, and, on the eve of their demise, had even begun to attract the interest of certain U.S. independent labels. Their fame also took them to Calgary, where they played two well-received shows only to have the tour (and the band itself) disintegrate immediately after amidst a flurry of inter-band back-biting and "girl-friend appropriation."

DISCORDER spoke with Karl Newman, (ex-)lead singer/guitarist of Superconductor, to unearth the reasons behind the supernova-like split. Sean Elliot, (ex) guitarist, was present in body if not in spirit; since the announcement of the band's break-up he has done nothing but sit and gaze at his new 21-inch Sony Triniton television and utter the occasional expletive.

Tell us about Superconductor.

NEWMAN: We're a bunch of friends—

ELLIOT: We WERE a bunch of friends—

N: —Yeah, well, we WERE a bunch of friends. We had a bunch of guitars. We just wanted to be in a rock 'n' roll band...well, maybe that's not what we wanted...well, I dunno WHAT we wanted to do, but we DID it, and that's what was important. We had a dream...We were in a band—Dammit! We had something, and you don't like to see something like that go away...It was me; I started it all—

E: You did not!

N: —It was me with a lone guitar. I put an ad in the *Georgia Straight* and one in the Buy & Sell saying—

E: Saying, "Liar, looking to start a band—"

N: It did not! Well, I don't remember what it said, but anyway, Warren was the first person to call me up. It was kind of funny, 'cause Warren is a good friend of mine, and he didn't even know it was me at the time. So we started a band. The first time we played—it was at the Town Pump in January—everybody loved us; they thought we were, like, the best fucking band Vancouver'd ever seen...

What then was at the root of the break-up?

N: Well, let's see. People in the band just started growing apart, I guess. Jason Clark, for one, slowly grew away from the band. He had Lung going...he didn't care about us that much...Len Morgan, who I must say is one of the main reasons we existed, and who's one of the few Superconductor people—it's just mainly him and Keith that I'm still on good terms with. And Scott, he was kind of dragging us down a little bit. I don't like to say it, but it's that hair; he looked kinda Mexican. It's not a racial thing though: it's that hair of his, man. He just didn't fit in with the image. It seemed to me that Superconductor needed some kind of image, they needed some kind of unity, and I kind of stepped in there and said, "I've got this vision of what we should be." I guess I was kind of brave; I came out and said, "Why don't we do it this way? Scott, why don't you stop cutting your hair every month?"

Are you pinning the break-up of the band on Scott then?

N: No, no, it didn't have anything to do with Scott, he was a symptom, a very small symptom... I guess it was artistic differences. It was basically me and Keith against the band, in the last days. You know Mike Kerley, y'know how Keith and him were in Silent Gathering together; they were really good friends, but then there was Mike's girl-friend Sheila, who Keith kind of appropriated—maybe that's not a nice word—

Probably nicer than any of the others.

N: Well, Mike was kind of pissed off at Keith about that, and y'know how sometimes when good friends suddenly become like enemies; it's worse than if they'd never met at all. Well, so that's what happened there...Gee, what else broke up the band?

E: Warren's acid.

Warren's acid?!

N: Well, Warren's acid is kind of part of it, but after the Neil Diamond show I mean, we PACKED the Cruel Elephant, you know, and everybody thought we were hot shit. We stopped practicing; we thought you could just be good by EXISTING. But it wasn't like that at all, and we started drinkin' a lot; and y'know, we made quite a lot of money off of that show, what, fifteen, sixteen hundred bucks, and then a lot of people [in the band] wanted to know, "Where's the money goin', are we gonna record with it?" and then they started accusing Keith of spending it on beer or women. Somewhere along the line Keith got this reputation for being some kind of pimp, y'know—

E: A reputation well earned.

N: A reputation well-earned.

But wait a minute, that doesn't follow. If he spent the money on women, that'd be prostitution, not pimping.

E: Capital! Y'need CAPITAL for pimping.

N: We'd be on stage, and after the show it'd be like, "Keith, I want that one, and that one, and that one," and he'd kind of invite them, and then everyone [in the band] was like, "Ah, it's just always you and Keith, you're getting all this and it's just the two of you," and Keith, I mean, he was our drummer and he was our manager; he was our roadie too. I don't know what the problem was with Keith; I thought he was doing an aMAZing job...and y'know, of course Warren started doing, y'know, drugs. I shouldn't even be talking about this, but I guess he's not that ashamed of it; he's probably so zonked on Quaaludes right now, he probably wouldn't even be able to read...all the words on this page'd be spinning around in circles and dancing off into space—

E: Shut up, *Doogie Howser*'s on!

N: So Warren had the drug thing...Me and Warren and Keith were kind of the big creative nucleus in the band; and when Warren was suddenly, y'know, zoned-out, he'd do these endless fucking guitar solos with the wahwah pedal, like he wanted to be Jimi Hendrix or, like, Strawberry Alarm Clock; it was just really lame. It wasn't like a Stooges, y'know, WUH-UH-WUH-UH-WUH-UH; it was just like wap-wap-wap-wap-wap, like some cross between some bad disco record and Tommy James and the Shondells, and he'd always wanna sing and put his voice through the microphone and then he'd put the tremolo on and sing "Crimson and Clover" with that really wavery voice. Wow, we'd just be like, "Shut the—" It was the DRUGS, though, I'm not puttin' him down, it was the drugs. Don't get the wrong idea. From what I'm sayin' it sounds like Superconductor was just one big fight and I don't wanna concentrate on that at all. There were some really fun times, a lot of brotherhood. They WERE my brothers, for a while there; but that's rock'n'roll. It doesn't last forever. But damn...it could've lasted a little longer than 14 months.

E: Sixteen.

N: God, I haven't even STARTED talking about the splinter groups of Superconductor, have I? It's kind of weird... Sean had this rap thing going, I just totally laughed when he told me about it; and he showed me these pictures—y'know, it's like him kind of, grabbing his crotch, and some girl with a whip y'know, holding this guy by the hair or something like that, whipping some guy on the floor. They're called M.C. Meat and DJ Dominatrix. I really thought it was laughable, y'know; but he started playing me some tapes of stuff he'd done at home on his 4-track, and it was pretty good. Kind of like, oh, I dunno, De La Soul stuff; kind of light, but he's a pretty goo d rapper, and he has some good samples too, y'know that James Brown, "I Feel Good"? Well, he samples that, and it's pretty cool—

E: — I was TRYING to be, like, NWA and 2 Live Crew!

N: I wish him all the best of luck; maybe he could get big in a Beastie Boys kind of way, or like the Red Hots. Well, I might as well talk about Newman. It's just mainly me and a guitar, and well y'know, it's a SONGWRITING kind of thing, getting rid of all the noise and just getting it down to a bare-bones thing. What does a song NEED? It just needs a voice and a guitar; maybe some drums, some piano or something... There's... God... Cal; Cal and Pat and Scott actually, all of who are just—I don't wanna say any-

thing about them...Well, Blair from Numb is in this band too, it's called Semiconductor, which I guess is trying to get some more mileage out of the Superconductor name. But I dunno, I think they're just doing the straight-ahead rock'n'roll thing, like the Del Fuegos or something. Oh yeah, Keith: Keith and the Conductors—

E: Him and those cheap sluts.

N: No, no, they're not CHEAP sluts. It just adds to his reputation as this big, y'know, WOMAN kind of guy in the band, 'cause it's like him and five women. I dunno who the hell they are; they just sit there and try and look sexy behind him, but, God, I dunno if any of them can even play...In terms of music, I think it's probably a Robert Palmer-type thing. I think they all just sit there and, like, slick their hair back and, he wears Italian suits; God, I shouldn't even be saying this, Keith's probably gonna hate me now, and he's about the only friend I got left in the band, the only friend left who's in his right mind, not zonked out in one way or another. Oh yeah, did I mention the Warren Westling Experience? Basically Warren doing his drugged out sucky wah-wah solos endlessly. And Jesus, is that all of them? Oh *(laughs)*, perhaps the lamest of all the bands—no, no, no, no, I shouldn't say it's "lame," I just don't see how it can work; the two Mikes, they've got this band called "Mike 'n' Mike"; I guess it's supposed to be like, a David & David thing,"Welcome to the Boomtown"or something, but y'know, they're two bass players, and what the hell you can do with two bass players? It's supposed to be them with two basses and a drum machine, maybe some sampling or something... I guess it's kind of cool, we're all doing what we want to do; I mean, now Superconductor's kind of gone...But we're not gone yet. We're doing our farewell show at the Cruel Elephant November 3rd with Forbidden Dimension.

For the record, what WERE Superconductor's influences?

N: Influences. Man. God. That's so hard when you've got a band with so many people, with so many diverging tastes. I mean, Warren's really into the power-trio thing like Cream or uh, Traffic and Sean's kinda got the rap thing going...I can't say that rap's been any kind of any influence, really, but we do have this one thing that's kind of got a disco beat, and Sean really pushed for that...Not to say he's really into the dance thing so much, he's kind of into industrial dance...like...uh, early Ministry, and Skinny Puppy...God, and me, I like the folk-rock thing. I'm really into the Seekers, and Simon & Garfunkle...

E: *(jokingly)* Burt Bacharach.

N: Actually, I'd completely forgotten about that; he IS an influence on me. He was a great pop-song writer. Not just Burt Bacharach; I'm a big fan of all the Brill Building songwriters, like King & Goffen and Lieber & Stoller; they just churned out amazing songs. And along the same lines, Neil Diamond, one of their contemporaries who just wrote amazing songs. That's why we paid tribute to him the way we did. He wrote great, simple melodies; he was based on melody. I guess that's what broke me apart from Superconductor: I wanted more melody in there. Maybe Neil Diamond had a hand in breaking us up. God *(laughs)*, what's Keith into?

E: Bill Bruford. *(all-round hilarity)*

N: Keith's really into Bill Bruford, and the solo Robert Fripp albums and stuff...Brand X...Scott Gubbels's really into U2 and Simple minds; Cal's kind of into hardcore, like, I dunno, Misfits, Exploited. Pat's kind of into the really boring kind of college-rock stuff like Del Amitri...

E: Change my influence to Betty Boo.

N: *(laughs)* Change Sean's influence to—no, no, that's not very realistic—

E: *(pouting)* I LOVE Betty Boo!

N: It's too new.

E: Neneh Cherry and Betty Boo!

N: Early Ministry and Skinny Puppy.

E: House music changed my life.

N: Why don't you ask how our reputation as a live band will translate to recorded vinyl?

How is that relevant?

E: Because it's a question that we've got a good answer for.

N: Yeah. Recorded vinyl. I think Superconductor in the recording studio and Superconductor live is a totally different thing—

E: Let the people decide.

N: Yeah, yeah; We cut some tracks down at Mushroom with, uh, the guy, Tom Cochrane twiddlin' the knobs...It's gonna be a posthumous release on Scratch Records. It's basically me and Keith who OWN the rights to Superconductor now. We're not gonna continue it, but we're gonna put out the single. Maybe we'll make a few bucks off it, maybe we won't, but that's cool. Anyway, we figure Tom Cochrane is really gonna get us an extra, maybe...two thousand... Did you know Kevin Kane came to see us, from the Grapes of Wrath? We're critical darlings! Did I mention—have I seemed very pompous during this interview?

Yes.

N: Yeah, well, everybody seems to think I've got kind of a swelled head, but I don't think that's the case at all. I mean, have I LIED about anything? What did I ever say about myself that was false? These people: I CARED about them. That doesn't make my head too big.

It makes your HEART too big!

N: It makes me a FOOL! "Love until your arms break..." and they'll treat you like a fool...I guess I did care too much. Maybe I did. Is that a crime, to care too much? Am I babbling? Soooooooperconductooooor... You know how you spell that?

E: I know how to spell Superconductor: K-A-R-L.

N: Well, I don't think that's particularly funny. A lot of people said that, and a lot of people started saying how I was like, the genius behind the band or whatever—

Show-stealer.

N: I didn't say anything against it; I just said, "Stop calling me a show-stealer." I guess 'cause I didn't deny it with all my heart and soul, people thought I was kind of a big-headed person.

Well, you should have stamped out those rumours right when they reared their ugly heads; then maybe today you wouldn't be where you are.

N: Maybe today we wouldn't all be in a bunch of different pieces...

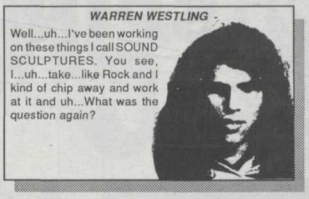
Any hope for a Superconductor reunion?

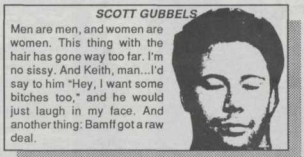
N: A reunion?

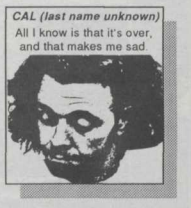
E: Oh no, don't even THINK about talking about a reunion...

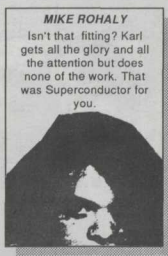
N: We haven't even finished our last show yet. We're not even gonna think about a reunion. Maybe, I dunno, five or ten years down the line, if we're all... y'know... still on good terms... yeah, maybe we'll open for Spunk, maybe do a whole bunch of old New Wave covers; something really progressive.

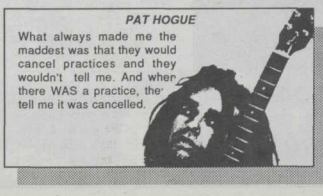
Two Bits' Worth: Ex-Superconductorites Comment on The Breakup











THE SUPERCONDUCTOR SPIN-OFFS

Keith Parry photos

THE WARREN WESTLING EXPERIENCE

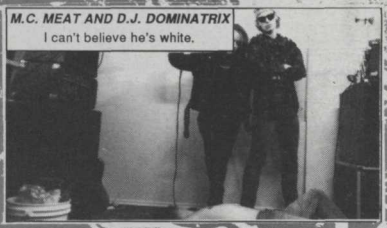
Bad psychedelic noodling coupled with incoherent rambling. Canada's Roky Erikson has borrowed the talents of 54-40 backbone Matt Johnson. Be warned.

MIKE AND MIKE: 2 BASS DUDES

A devastating double bass attack unequaled. Hugo Largo with balls. "We want to loosen people's bowels."

M.C. MEAT AND D.J. DOMINATRIX

I can't believe he's white.



NEWMAN

Karl Newman's solo venture recalls the spirit of the Brill Building songwriters while retaining a 90's pop sensibility and sensitivity. If Tim Buckley cheered up, he might have been Newman. "Call it what you want; it's pretty fucking good."

SEMICONDUCTOR

Heavy Northern Pikes feel with a wacky collegiate edge; this band is destined for moderate MuchMusic rotation.

KEITH AND THE CONDUCTORS

Near perfect marriage of new wave emotiveness and razor sharp progressive rock.

SHINDIG

There is a competition in our midst. A competition very different than most because the rules, usually ingrained in the minds of the competitors, are completely invisible. What is the position of an artist in an artistic competition? If art is self-expression then a competition becomes a judgement of personalities.

Now, if **SHINDIG** were a figure skating contest, we might have a better idea of how it should be judged. That is, the standards for the artistic expression, though unspoken, have become quite rigid in the art of figure skating. But for modern music, a label which envelopes Rock and Roll (the contemporary bastion of the free spirit), although the standard is more disguised, it definitely exists, as any musician who attempts to enter the music business can verify. That is, the invisible guide lines for modern music are created day in and day out by the various radio stations, promoters and recording industry types. They pick and choose who will be played and who will be paid. It's like an enormous **SHINDIG** contest the world over. Just substitute the panel of amateur judges with a group of young juniors from a major label. They judge the music according to their own bias, and decide if they want to promote any of the bands. Only we won't hear their opinions at the end of the night. We might not hear them for another year, but if they like an artist, they will eventually help him or her crawl out of the woodwork. What they base their opinions on is a mystery, but if new music really is as free form as it is touted to be, so it should be. Who can say why they like the Pistols? You just do; it's a personality thing.

Back to **SHINDIG**. The whole question of compromising some sort of artistic integrity for the sake of competition is a bit unwarranted given the state of the industry. Believe me, it's a question that goes through many a mind each **SHINDIG** Monday (I've found more than one debate). The few audience members who leave disappointed with the judges' decision, or the musicians weeping after the announcement, should be taken with a grain of salt as these decisions are being made all the time. Feel enlightened that this time it is being made public. For the losers this may seem a bit like the enlightenment that came with the exposure of Watergate or Iranscam, but at least we know what is going on!

As for the spirit of **SHINDIG**, it is an 'alive and well' free-form music competition, probably the least preconception-

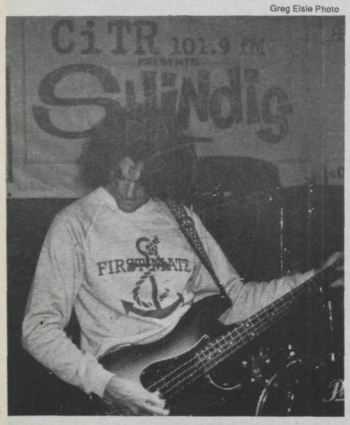
Greg Elsie Photo

hampered of any 'battle of the bands' competition in town. Three bands play each Monday night with an added spectacular, *Jokes For Beer, somewhere in between*. A little inside info for anyone who wants free drinks: *What do you get when you drop a piano down a mine shaft—A flat minor* is a "one beer" joke, if you're lucky.

The friendly pub atmosphere lasts right up until the judges' decision–insert the point of this article here–and then again about five minutes later. So far the first semi-finalists are Bent–a dark hard edge crew. Here's what to expect over the coming weeks:

November 5th: **Second Round Semi-Finals**
November 12th: **Mind the Gap, Oktatrackter, TBA**
November 19th: **Blue Law, Medusa's Raft, Water Poets**
November 26th: **Bucknakeds, The Session, Za Za and the Angels**
December 3rd: **Third Round Semi-Finals**
December 10th: **SHINDIG Special**
December 17th: **SHINDIG Grand Finals at the Town Pump**

Greg Elsie Photo



THURSDAY NIGHTS
THE PIT PUB
DJING BY CiTR

THE BEAT ASSASINATOR'S TOP TEN TUNES

1. MC 900 Ft. Jesus with DJ Zero • Truth is Out of Style
2. The Afros • Better Luck Next Time
3. Happy Mondays • Step On It
4. Soup Dragons • I'm Free
5. X-Clan • A Day of Outrage, Operation Payback
6. Consolidated • Dysfunctional Relationship
7. Depeche Mode • Policy of Truth
8. Sound of Reality • Kedamine
9. The Clash • The Guns of Brixton Revisited
10) Various Artists • The New Beat R/evolution

VELVIS EYEBROW'S THURSDAY 10

1) Meat Beat Manifesto • Radio Babylon
2) Shinehead • Real Rock
3) Loop • Burning World
4) Lead into Gold • Age of Reason
5) Beats International • Beats International Theme
6) Stone Roses • One Love
7) Laibach • Sympathy for the Devil
8) Jazz Butcher • The Better Way
9) Misa • Shake the House
10) Age of Chance • Take It!

DARREN R'S ALTERNATE TRACKS

1) Soup Dragons • I'm Free
2) Faith No More • Epic
3) Jane's Addiction • Been Caught Steeling
4) The Charlatans • Then
5) The Cure • Never Enough
6) Hilt • Stoneman
7) Happy Mondays • Step On
8) Urban Dance Squad • Deeper Shade of Soul
9) The Farm • Groovy Train
10) 808 State • Cubik

UBC

90 NOVEMBER 10 NOV 90

BILL FRISELL & WAYNE HORVITZ PLUS GARBO'S HAT
- 8pm - VanEast Cultural Centre - 1895 Venables, at Victoria

ROGER BAIRD'S SIRIUS ENSEMBLE
- 11pm - The Glass Slipper - 185 East 11th Ave. at Main

MARILYN CRISPELL TRIO PLUS TOM WALSH & N.O.M.A.
- 8pm - Vancouver East Cultural Centre

PAUL BLANEY QUARTET
- 11pm - The Glass Slipper

PETER BROTZMANN TRIO PLUS KANE/TAYLOR EXPLOSION
- 8pm - Vancouver East Cultural Centre

TOM WALSH & N.O.M.A.
- 11pm - The Glass Slipper

JADE ORCHESTRA
- 8pm - Vancouver East Cultural Centre

BILL CLARK SEXTET
- 11pm - The Glass Slipper

DIRECT SOUND FEATURING - DAVID MOSS, CARLES SANTOS & ANNA HOMLER
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2 pm at the Vancouver Community College Auditorium, King Edward Campus - 1155 East Broadway

TIME-FLIES

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BUSTED!

by Christoper Kovacs

Sleeping on pillows of boozy comfort, with a goofy grin, and maybe a thin line of drool, trailing from the corner of my mouth. Two a.m. slow slipslide into the Black Velvet sleepcave. Then! One two crash, like snare drum and backbeat, and both doors are smashed from their hinges. Shaking and dehydrated, without my glasses I see two big dark blurs rushing at me, silhouetted in the hallway light. One pulls me from my warm bed, one holds a gun distressingly close to my head. Shaking from fear and adrenaline, I feel panic like a knee to the groin, I smell dope, I've got to piss.

Let's go back a few weeks. I'd been here several weeks already, and had gotten accustomed to the perpetual reek of dope and unwashed bodies, to the 3 a.m. shouting sessions, to the constant flow of people past the door, and to the vitriolic tirades the landlady directed daily at our neighbors. The three next door–I'll call them Curly, Larry and Moe–shared with my roommate and me a basement toilet and shower. They lived, with a rotating agenda of guests, in a tiny stinking mattress-strewn room next door. When the radio grew boring, I'd switch it off and sit listening to the arguments and disconnected ramblings that came clearly through our kitchen wall. One morning, as Larry was shoveling the shit from the corners of their little hovel, he found the diary of a friend who'd lived there. Whether this friend was dead, merely absent, or had been knocked down that last rung that inevitably landed him back on the Hastings Strip was uncertain. But there was a wavering in Larry's whiny, wheedling voice through the wall as he took a hit on his morning joint. "I know it's his," he said, "but I can't read books, ya know? I've tried, but I just can't." Curly and Moe expressed incredulity but sounded almost pleased to find something else to hold against Larry. "I don't know... I was in foster homes when I was growing up, all over the place. I never learned stuff... I can read some little stuff here and there, like this part: 'I feel like I'm going crazy,'" Larry trailed off, mumbling apologetically, "but there's too many big words..."

I'm standing spreadeagled, face to the wall in the hallway, and these two guys in street clothes are putting cuffs on me, none too gently. "What's going on?" I mumble, though after about 15 seconds of whirlwind confusion, I'm starting to get it. "Shut up," says the shorter one. He frisks me, asks me if I'm carrying a rig, and at my blank look says "Needle. We have to ask that." Then, after a few seconds: "I'm going to read you your rights. Do you understand?" "Yes," say I, relaxing just a little. I tune him out-I know my rights from a childhood of television addiction-and hear the crashing next door as the police tear the place apart. I hear Larry crying. Now that my testicles have descended from my pelvic cavity, it's all beginning to be a bit fun. I remain docile and obsequious though, still unsure if I'm going to spend the night in a cell. The shakes are starting to wear off.

The very first morning in my new home, I awakened to shouts, screams of pain. Larry and Curly were beating the shit out of Moe, Larry's brother. "You want him to hit you again, Moe?" said Larry. "Fuck you!" screamed Moe and there was a thud and a cry of pain. "My fuckin' nose! I'll fuckin' kill you!" "You're fuckin' crazy, Moe!" shouted Larry. "That shit you're doing is making you crazy! Nobody likes you anymore! You're a goof!" Apparently this use of the dreaded g-word incensed Moe. There were more incoherent shouts, thuds and crashes, and somehow Moe broke free from Curly's clutches. I heard him chase Larry down the hallway past my door, swinging a chain. Larry ran scared, his voice floating back: "Hide the shit, Curly, I'm gonna go call the cops." The police arrived in minutes and took Moe away, chain and all. A week later he was back and the routing was re-established.

One of the other cops comes up as mine is getting my name and birthdate. "Looks like it's the room over there," he says. "Check this guy for priors and uncuff him if he's clear." "Should we search this place?" asks my cop. The other pokes his head in, utilizes some psychic faculty unique to police, says, "Nah. Just take him inside, check him out." Into the bedroom we go, the cop cautioning me to move slowly, and to stand in the centre of the room. He tells me to turn my head while he calls me in. The phone's busy so he uses his walkietalkie and in a moment word comes back: "Clear both ways." Now the table have turned, and the cop is in servant-of-the-people mode, and apologetic as hell. He uncuffs me. He offers me a cigarette and we stand, me smoking, him not, and exchange pleasantries amongst the shattered remnants of the bedroom door. The other officer comes in and explains to me why the smash and grab commando tactics, why the gun, and so on. He was on that raid a few years ago where an officer was shot. I'm understanding, mostly because I have an overwhelming need to urinate. The dealers are being questioned outside, concocting desperate lies in an attempt to raise a smokescreen. The police are having none of it.

Skip back a month or so this time. I was taking an urgently necessary morning beer shit and thinking that perhaps I should give the dealers a chance. Sure, I thought, they're polysubstance abusers but I had been out boozing the night before, and though I may have refused a toke or a snort if offered, it would have been out of personal preference alone. Then our amazing lowtech sound amplifying walls kicked in again, and let me relapse into sickened, smug superiority. Larry yelled over Deep Purple: "I provide for you guys; look, smokes and beers." Muted assent, unenthusiastic, from the other two. "I know!" shouted Larry. "We'll get a whore Friday-yeah! We'll all fuck her, and while one guy's fucking her, we'll all be getting hardons, and we'll say 'Hurry up, man, it's my turn!' We can even slap her around if you want!" Curly mumbled "Have a fuckin' toke, man." Thinking black thoughts, I finished my bowel movement, wiped, stood up, flushed, and immediately kneeled, gripped with the urge to vomit.

The cop who was on the raid where his buddy was shot comes to put closure on our time together as they lead Curly, Larry and Moe out to the wagon. He tells me they've had their eye on the place for a month (since Moe's beating?) and that the three have been selling to 15 year olds from the local school, among others. "I don't really object to somebody having a toke now and then," he tells me earnestly, "but dealing to 15 and 16-year-olds is what gets to me." I hastily agree, visions of my bladder bursting dancing before my eyes. But he's not finished yet. It's The Citizens' Responsibility Hour. Call in if I'm ever in a similar situation, he advises me. As I eye the wreckage that's been made of our room, I make noises of assent. Then with comradely handshakes, the police are gone, and I'm on the phone to my roommate who was, thank god, staying upstairs. The circus is over.

Eight hours after their arrest, our stooges were back, in fine spirits, in their little room.

Hare Krsnas, Hardcore and

they speak of the corruption throughou
salesman from India?) was obviously
a bunch of chanting societal dropout

Unfortunately, the Prabhupáda bit
infighting over leadership and asse
movement's popularity. So where
good old hard-drinking, hard-lovi
movement from its inception: the
Hagen, Chrissie Hynde, Poly Sty
rock world. When the Krishnas lo
saw a natural in for their organiz
edge scene.

You've heard of straight-edge,
DYS, and the legions of copyc
the rejection of one's peers'
drugs, animal products and m
vidualistic; what a concept!
wear basketball shoes, hock
hats and cute hair, and look
straight-edge kid. The Krish
over this: another legion of
the answer but this time
some of the Krishnas' fin
needed now was a way to in
into the little tykes' lives.
such a vehicle: new devo

Ray of Today, ex-vocalist
edgers Youth of Today,
flakey. His shitty singin
he's well-known for
straight-edge, viewing
than a musical one. Ju
if you don't buy this
break up of YOT, Ray
devotee hardcore ban
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Remember the Seventies? Big cars, big boobs, big hair and a bunch of guys and gals running around looking like half-baked rejects from *Kung Fu*. Ah-yes, the heady days of the Seventies' flower power. The Church Universal and Triumphant and The Hare Krishnas were busy ensnaring young semi-educated uprights in middle class whines into their sleepless lairs of chanting and low-quality clothing. But then suddenly came the Eighties, the nasty early Eighties full of cult awareness, deprogrammers, and crappy TV movies about the dangers of the decadent cult lifestyle. Life was going downhill for any body with a long, eastern-mystic sounding name, as people fled cults, faced reality and became managers of Domino's Pizzas. The wise cult leader looking ahead to retirement began recruiting all the people who didn't join the Seventies cults and had instead gotten a degree, a job, a house, and a spouse. Now being in a cult generally meant a lot of wife-swapping and giving away one's possessions to freaks prophesying the end of the world. Your basic Seventies pseudo-guru was beginning to sweat: make no mistake. Seventies cults had been very profitable multi-national corporations. How to restore membership and thus income? In the natural order of things, the biggest and stupidest always left standing keeps, while most Seventies cults folded or faded into non-existence, only the monolith of house pests was left: the Hare Krishnas.

Founded in 1965 by an ephemeral escutis-ski ex-cultive from India, Krishna Consciousness was born in a dirty New York City storefront. A bizarre mix of Eastern philosophies, the cult has some very basic tenets: Man is no his body, he is an eternal spirit. The body goes through countless incarnations but the eternal spirit, the Atman, is buried deep within us, unchanging and everpresent. Having abandoned his job and family, the ol Swami Prabhupada came to New York to basically teach a bunch of potheads yoga. Although bereaved devotees love to tell you the sect is 5000 years old as they push The Higher Taste on you, the Krishna sect in fact fol- lows a bastardized form of 500 year old Hinduism, started by Lord Caitanya. Krishnas are vegetarians who don't use spices or onions (which reek too much of the world), fuck about once a month for procreational purposes, and swear off materialism. To support themselves, they sell flowers and cookbooks. But wait, it gets better.

To keep 'em confused, devotees are woken up at 4AM. Every morning it's chant, chow and shower and then work till about 6PM. From 6PM to 11PM more chanting, a little chowing and then 5 glorious hours of rest (unless one wants to read or chant some more instead). Just like camp, eh Kids? Oh, but the chow is something else: lacking in protein and nutritional value, it makes one tired, anemic and open to suggestion. Through this I'll find spirituality? Well maybe not, but by chanting HAREKRISHNA, HARE KRISHNA, KRISHNA, KRISHNA, HARE, HARE, HARE RAMA, HARE RAMA, RAMA, RAMA, HARE, HARE, HARE at LEAST 1728 times a day, I may reach enlightenment or just be really exhausted, really stupid and really malleable.

By now it's obvious the Krishnas are a few spokes short of a wheel but it gets even stranger when you look at what some of the more involved devotees and gurus have been busted for over the years: possession of illegal firearms and failure by the Toronto temple to account for one million dollars in revenue; possession of pot and hash smuggled in from India through Krishna channels; use of Prasadam Distributing Inc., a Krishna cookie factory, to launder cash. In addition, two influential devotees involved in the education of boys at the New Vrindaban settlement in West Virginia were busted for sodomizing the youngsters (so much for pro-creation), while in London, elite guru Jayatirtua was busted for LSD possession. He later broke away to form his own cult, chanting Hare Krishna while stoned until he was decapitated by a follower. Lucky for reincarnation.

Plenty of other lurid stuff has happened too: rape, fraud, kidnapping, boring murders (ie. no decapitations). The thing to remember is that these actions are not the work of a few fringe elements; rather,

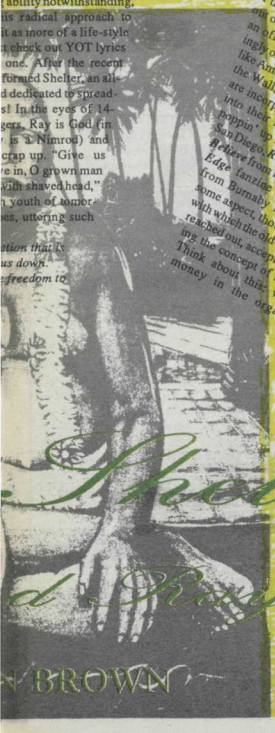
at the sect. Somebody (perhaps an ex-drug profiting horrendously from the deeds of s.

the dirt in 1977. From that point on, ts signalled the downward slide of the to turn? Hardcore punk! Yeah, sure, ng hardcore. Music was part of the Beatles had dabbled in it; so had Nina yrene and other lesser beings of the oked around for new members, they ation through the hardcore straight-

ight? Minor Threat, SSD Control, ats they spawned. Straight-edge: attitudes by giving up drinking, eaningless sex. Wow, how indi- Well, not really 'cause now you y jerseys, big shorts, baseball like every other mysogynistic as must have sprung a woodie dumb white kids looking for hey were already practicing er points. All the Krishnas ject this spirituality directly And thus from the ashes rose ee, Ray of Today.

for the legendary straight- has always been a little ability notwithstanding, is radical 'approach' to it as more of a life-style t check out YOT lyrics one. After the recent formed Shelter, an all- d dedicated to spread- s! In the eyes of 14- gers, Ray is God (in is a Nimrod) and crap up. "Give us re in, O grown man with shaved head," n youth of tomor- es, uttering such

ation that's us down. freedom to



spend our life chancing it around...
Lei's look beyond the body and envision the soul
Real equality would shine free. That'd be my goal.
No tall/small, us/them, young or old.

But, once again, that's not all, my confused and misled children; as demonstrated in a recent ***Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*** interview Ray claims: "...I've been conditioned not just for 23 years of this life, but for billions of years and have been cultivating the "I am some-thing special" attitude and have been looking for that type of prestige...I respect the great teachers and believe in reincarnation. I believe we're changing bodies every moment. I don't think it's a big leap say that this energy can enter another body..." Man, you thought David Crosby was fucked, well a washed-up blow-head rock has-been don't have nothing on the emancipated Ray.

So maybe you still don't see a problem. What's wrong with one freaky band playing yesterday's music to a few impressionable kids? Well it's not one band and it's not a few kids. The straight-edge scene has grown to be one of the biggest and most strongly unified scenes in America. And it's still growing. But Straight-edge has been around so long it's rank and file are tiring of the repetitive message and are either dropping out or looking for more. As a result, we're seeing an offshoot of bands and 'zines based increasingly on Krishna philosophies and ideals. Bands like Amenity, Inside Out, Forced Down, Against the Wall, Cro-Mags, Rage, and Vegan Reich are incorporating Krishna-style spirituality into their music. Krishna-'zines, too are poppin' up like zits: ***The Enquirer*** out of San Diego, ***Believe*** from Palo Alto and ***The Straight Edge*** fanzine coming correct at you from Burnaby, B.C. The most worri-some aspect though, is the eagerness with which the old-line Krishnas have reached out, accepting and embrac-ing the concept of Krishna-Core. Think about this: money in the organization.

As for Shelter, their new EP on Revelation Records is probably selling well although Ray still can't sing, the lyrics are imma-ture and misguided and the music ranges from bad funk to metalish hardcore. But what does the future hold for fans of Krishna Core? Just sit back and watch TV on in the early years of the next century and check out those cult awareness movies and always re-member the Church of Jiggle loves you.

Krishnas can afford to put out loads of records and 'zines and, what's more, distribute them through your friendly ISKCON temple located in every major city in the world, including Vancouver. Picture little kids skating to a pink stucco Hostess Snowball-shaped building for that killer new Shelter record and maybe even the Bhagavad Gita some beads and a dash of friendly conversation a la "So you guys like the Cro-Mags! Did you know Hadley believes in it too!" All because teach? I think you would be interested in what the Krishnas twenty-five years ago some shlot guy who looked like a pudgy Gandhi decided to hack around minds of middle America.

On September 15, 1990, Shelter somehow managed to cross the border to play to about 40 people at the ISKCON temple on Southwest Marine Drive in Burnaby. It was a bizarre mix of hyped up kids (many of whom had caught all five shows Shelter had performed in the last week in various Pacific Northwest locations) and perplexed Krishna families. On the lawn of the temple, eight picnic tables were pushed together to make a stage. The PA was present so amps were cranked way up and Shelter proceeded to blast out their greatest hits, including "Hurt I Abused," "On Death Row," "Dying," and "Broken." Understandably from Seattle oriented and were off in a singalong chorus sort of way. But I'm still trying to figure out which one was old enough to drive. After the aim started and the chances of electrocution rose, the gig was stopped, the crowd and the bands retiring to the temple to chow down on the vegan "feast". Listen to sisters and begin the slow spiral into the world of unconscious assent.

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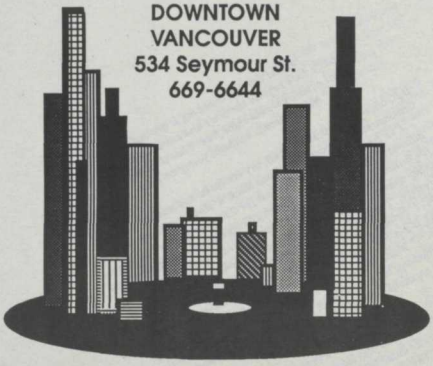

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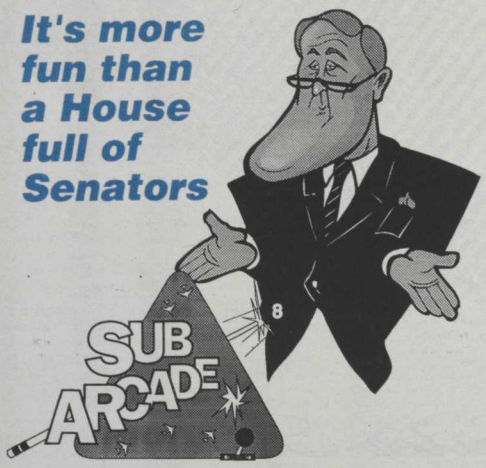

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Mr. Dressup: Drug Pusher?

By David Hawkes

It's a rainy day in North Vancouver and up in the Centennial Theatre on Lonsdale, Mr. Dressup is appearing live on stage with Casey & Finnegan and his "Tickle Trunk".

The show itself runs about one hour and ten minutes with a lot of audience participation and even a guest singer, Jon Parker, doing "Rockin' Robin"! It's evident from the start that the kids are not the only ones having fun, the moms and dads are going nuts. Mr. Dressup is even forced to quell their excitement exclaiming, "We'll have to hand out sedatives soon..." Great, Mr. Dressup is a pusher!!

Afterwards, creeping backstage, I find the "Tickle Trunk" and take some pictures. I know Casey & Finnegan are around somewhere. Behind the curtain...and there...lying in state...resting as it were... CASEY & FINNEGAN. I reach out and touch them on the noses: no response. I shoot a roll of film, feeling somewhat high despite the fact they're only cloth and plaster. Now I want to chat with the man himself...First, though, there's much screwing around with the microphone jack on the mini-recorder...

DISCORDER: ***Maybe I should just give you the mic.***
MR. DRESSUP: Test! Test! *(mic cuts out)* It's the jack...

Yeah, wouldn't you know it. The university cuts back on everything.
It's just like the CBC! HA HA!

OK, speak into it...
Test, testing, OK, you're—*(mic is totally shitty)*

Try it again.
Mmhmm...*(He's obviously annoyed, but at last everything's working.)* HA HA!

So what brings you on the road, anyway?
Money, HA HA! *(My whole concept of this gentle guy immediately changes.)*

You can't say that! Money and what else?
We just like to do it, that's one reason, and the other reason is people want us to...I've been doing it for, I guess about 20 years.

***I know, I saw every show.* (He knows I'm lying.)**
What we try to do is come back to every place in a 2 year span or so; over a period of time we cover the whole country.

Do you ever tour the States?
Just a little bit down into Michigan, we have quite a following...

***'Cause of cable and satellite—* (Mr. Dressup cuts me off.)**
Yeah, and satellite *(gesturing upwards)!*

I was curious about that because it's very Canadian, The Mr. Dressup Show.
Well, we think so and yet I've been to a lot of places and people come back stage and say, "Oh we thought that you...were an American, so we thought you were from Hollywood or something like that," HA HA!

***I see*—(He cuts me off again; I'm losing patience...)**
Which is surprising 'cause you know we mention, "This is our flag, the maple leaf" and—*(I cut him off: he knows the game happening here.)*

Are you originally from Canada yourself?
No, I'm originally from the States.

***You are?!* (What about the flag being his flag??)**
Yeah! Like a lot of Canadian artists, HA HA!

Where abouts in the States?
I was born in the state of Maine!

Maine?
Yup!

Are you not going to say what year?
1927!

***Really? You look very young.* (I'm lying.)**
Yup!

Well, you look good for your age.
Thank you, it's the makeup.

Do you take care of yourself; are you feeling healthy?
Yeah...I have a low cholesterol diet.

Oh good, like no dairy—
This afternoon I had a huge piece of minced pie with ice cream, but I didn't eat any lunch!!! HA HA!

Just rub it into your arteries.
Yeah, I suddenly gained ten pounds and can't get rid of it! I'm old so...

You're not old!...So how long can you keep doing this [show]?
I don't know. Not another twenty-six years, that's for sure, but I still enjoy it, that's the main thing, and as long as our rating's good...

Do you have a family yourself?
Yup, I've got two kids...Uh, Chris is...25; Cathy is...uh...28!

And they're not really kids...
And they're not really kids.

Is there going to be a third generation of people coming to see you?
(in an old, ratchety voice) Ohhh...I'll be awfully old, HA HA!

People would still come and see you.
Well, I don't know about that! *(Of course they would, he's kidding.)*

When did you first start on the air?
1964.

***'64! That's the year after I was born. Shit!* (I didn't mean to swear in front of him, honest! Gulp!)**
Oh yeah.

I was brought up on The Friendly Giant, Chez Helen and Mr. Dressup.
Yeah, HA HA HA HA! *(He loses it; something about his "Tickle Trunk.")*

I wasn't even very Sesame Street; I was with you and the big guy with the recorder... I want to know if your "Tickle Trunk" is an extension of some of the things you wanted to be, or are you a clown at heart?
I wanted to be a commercial artist! But I got into theatre, painting scenery...I was always a ham, but I didn't know it. 'Course, when I was a kid there wasn't television either, so I didn't know I was going to be on television. I just enjoyed it and I used to do bit parts; usually, in theatre, the little parts are the juicy, you know, funny ones...

Did you discover the "Tickle Trunk" by accident halfway through an episode or—
No, it came to me...I can remember it now. I was on the corner of Bayswater Avenue and something in Toronto, waiting for a traffic light and all of a sudden..."TICKLE TRUNK"! Wow! It's got alliteration and "tickle" is funny, and the trunk could hold all my clothes, so I went out and got an old second hand trunk and we used that, then I built the one that we're using on stage now, and we had a replica made for the TV show.

It was very weird for me to walk in and see you in colour, 'cause I was used to seeing you on a black and white TV set, and I thought, "Like, wow, he's got a skin tone!"
Yeah, right.

For Casey & Finnegan, how many dolls have you gone through?
Uh, actually, two Finnegans, and when the old Finnegan was replaced by the second one, he was too new and fluffy-looking, he hadn't worn into Judith's hand shape, and I couldn't relate to him for a long time. *[Now retired, puppeteer Judith was the mind behind Casey & Finnegan. For the tour, Casey's voice is taped, and Finnegan, of course, never says anything louder than a "whisper." As for Mr. Dressup...]*

And Casey's just touched up, is that right?
Yeah, paint job! I wish I could... New hair, HA HA!

You used to have somebody down the block from you on your show, used to live there...
Well, we had a lot of people.

Uh, Suzy?
Susan, yup!

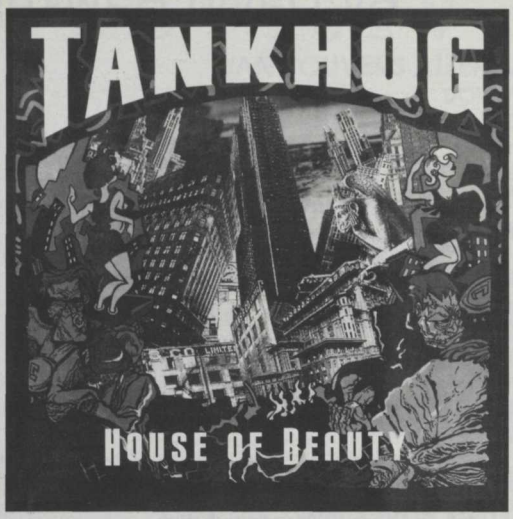
What happened to Susan?
She's still around, she's still on the show occasionally; she writes for the show as well.

What about merchandizing "Mr. Dressup"? Why don't we ever see Casey & Finnegans everywhere?
It's coming, it's coming! We had a Finnegan out for a while!

Will you get a piece of it?
Well, the CBC owns my name so...

Well, all I can say is, from all of us growing up in Canada, thank you very much.
Yup!

No doubt about it: Mr. Dressup is getting on. He's a guy who's probably been through a few fights at the hands of CBC corporate executives, yet he's true to his word: he loves kids and performing almost as much as he loves MONEY, HA HA! But having lived much of his adult life in the company of a ratty-eared fuzzy-felt dog and a legless little boy with a grating singsong voice, Ernie Coombs has been swallowed into the never-never land of children's TV: he talks to everyone—me included—as if one's a five-year-old glued to the set.



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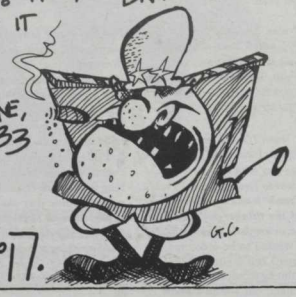

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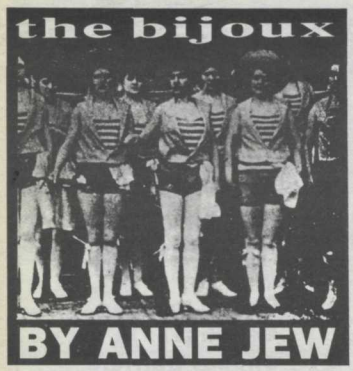

BY ANNE JEW

The Bijoux will screen film and video artists whose works are not in the mainstream but rather attempt diversity, enlightenment and change.

New York City native Jennifer Baum is a 27 year-old filmmaker in her third year of SFU's film program. The film *Houses*, co-directed with fellow student Ken Andrelini, appeared in the recent Vancouver Film Festival as a part of the BC Student Program. Her first effort, *Mothers in Labour*, won Best Short Video Documentary at the NYU Film Festival. She is currently working on an optically printed film based on memories of growing up in New York City, and will be shooting a thesis film for an NYU film student in Tacoma about a young boy struggling with Catholicism. We joined Anne and Jenny in the latter's unheated East Vancouver home.

Jenny, what piqued your interest in filmmaking?

At first I wanted to make films because I wanted to be politically active and I wanted to make documentaries. I thought that film would be a good way of reaching people because it has such a huge audience. I also liked film because it was a way of being creative and intellectual at the same time.

So you did start with a documentary.

Yeah, *Mothers in Labour* was a tape I made in response to all the attention in the media that was put on single teenage mothers. The media kept on talking about how single teenage mothers were a drain on the welfare system and how they were ruining the fabric of our society. They never concentrated on any ways in which single mothers could learn to be independent or productive, so I wanted to make a tape that would demonstrate that these women weren't choosing to be in these situations. If they had an opportunity, they would be able to be independent people on their own.

I read about this program in the *New York Times* that trains single teenage mothers to do manual labour jobs. I went to the director of the program and asked her if I could make the tape and at first she was really reluctant and didn't want me to do it and said, "You white bitch, what do you know about these women? Why should I let you do this?" I tried to explain to her that even though I was coming from a very different background, I was struggling with my own ability to become an independent person. Also I had had an abortion so I felt a real affinity with these women who had gone through the process of giving birth. And whereas I decided not to have a child, I felt like I could relate to them anyway.

I told the director that and she seemed to back down and not be so defensive about the women and said that I could go and sit in on a class and if the women weren't too uncomfortable I could go ahead and make the film. This woman Lizzie (in the class) just sort of befriended me and made me feel really comfortable; she became the main subject of the documentary.

Lizzie was the only Hispanic woman. The rest were black. That doesn't reflect the make-up of single teenage mothers in the United States. It just reflects the make up of single teenage mothers in Brooklyn, New York. There is a larger amount of single teenage mothers that are white in the United States. People don't realize that.

You made this while you were at NYU.

I wasn't actually in the film school at NYU. I was just in the liberal arts school, but I took this documentary class with George Stoney, who's a really wonderful documentary maker.

How's the SFU film program going?

Pretty well, but [it] leaves a lot to be desired. I guess the best thing about the program is that there's freedom to do whatever you want. And that there's other talented students you can learn from. I feel as though I've learned more from my co-students than I have from my teachers.... [A] good thing is that it's small. The teachers know us fairly intimately; they know our names and they recognize us. They smile at us and say hello and that's not something that happens in New York very often. I wish that the program was much more organized and that there was more attention paid to the aesthetics of filmmaking in production classes rather than just in theory classes. But then I guess the thing about filmmaking is that you don't ever really learn until you do it. The great thing about SFU is that, for me, last year I had the opportunity to work on this major major film shoot.

This was the film that was in the Vancouver Film Festival.

Yeah, *Houses*. It's about two women who help each other overcome their self-destructive behaviours. And it's also about how a feeling of inner security and home have nothing to do with geographical location, but with an inner sense of strength. That came directly out of my experiences of being away from home and having to learn to make a home in Vancouver.

How was it working with a co-director?

It was extraordinarily difficult. The writing process was really wonderful actually. We really fed off of each other's ideas quite well and I would feel challenged to produce something that I felt was good; I think he felt challenged by me as well, it also kept us disciplined because we had to come up with something [together] rather than having to do it completely on our own. Plus I think my co-director is really talented and I feel like I've learned a lot from him. Our film was much bigger than we could really handle in the time span. The actual production was really hell and I never want to be on a set like that one ever again in my life.

What did you think of the other films in the BC Student Program?

I really loved the Emily Carr animated piece. It would have been more effective if it had been cut, but really it was quite amazing. I wasn't as happy with the program as I thought I would be.

***Houses* has been shown in other festivals. It was shown at the SFU student screening last spring.**

Yeah, at the Ridge. It showed at the Vancouver Gay and Lesbian Film Festival over the summer. And it's showing at a place called Millenium Film Workshop in New York City on November 16 in a group show. We've sent it around to other places, but we haven't heard yet.

It's garnering a lot of attention.

Yeah, and it's gotten Canadian distribution from Canadian Filmmakers Distribution West, so that's exciting.

Have you gotten a lot of feedback on the film?

Yeah, very mixed feedback, but basically people love it. With criticisms.

In your film, there's male frontal nudity and you didn't really show his face.

Right. It was a direct response to the way men photograph women on film all the time We wanted to reverse it and have the male be the object. We wanted to fragment his body by cutting off his face and making him be Anyman USA or Anyman Canada or Anyman Western Civilization: as the object of a woman's desire.

In your films a main theme is women: women and their relationship to society, to each other, to men.

The point of that is to break down this myth in our patriarchal culture that women are only complete and happy if they have a man. I wanted to show women being able to find love and strength from other women and feel like they could grow and become healthy and happy in an environment like that. And of course, it's always nice to have a lover; it's a good relationship. But it's not the end all and be all of life. I think women need to have that reinforced over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over again and that's why we made the film like that.

Are there any other women filmmakers that you admire or like?

I really liked the film *A Question of Silence* by Marion Gorris. It's about three women who simultaneously kill a shopkeeper. They all enter this clothing store for different reasons and the man treats one of them miserably. And all three of them spontaneously beat him to death. Then they have a trial and the witnesses and the women all sort of bond. You go back and you see the lives of these three women that killed the man and how horrible their lives are and how completely oppressed they are in their situations as women and you understand why they were led to kill this shopkeeper. It's a great film. I really loved *Born in Flames* by Lizzie Borden and I just saw a brilliant film last night at the Vancouver Film Festival: Mary Daniel's *Connecting Lines*.

Did you ever see *Calling the Shots* about women directors? They interviewed Sherry Lansing who was the president of Twentieth Century Fox and they asked her what she thought the role of women as filmmakers in Hollywood. She said it's no problem at all. I'm a woman and I made it to the top and there's more and more women making films.

I think that's all bullshit. It's really difficult for a woman to direct and that there's a tremendous macho attitude in the film world. And there's this tremendous hierarchy in the film world too that's just absolute bullshit, where the director becomes a godlike figure that is superior to everyone around him or her and it takes on this huge mystique, but it's a group endeavour.

One of my mistakes when I was directing was that I expressed self doubt, which is sort of my style in general, in my life, whether it's true or not. And these men would immediately jump on me and take over because I expressed self doubt vocally. Whereas my partner, I could tell, was experiencing internal doubt, but he just didn't voice it and no one bothered him. It seems like that pretty much sums up the way women and men, maybe on a very superficial level, relate in the world. Men are much less inclined to discuss their feelings and women are much more inclined to.

You have to give off the appearance of a self-assured person who has a vision and who doesn't need anyone if you're going to direct a film. But everybody needs help and has doubts and it doesn't have to be in a very macho sort of setting. I think that's been my biggest problem trying to direct. I feel a lot more comfortable being around women. I think I'd feel more comfortable being around an all woman crew although I've never done it. I haven't had the opportunity to do it.

You have to be really ruthless to direct. Well, you don't have to be, but that seems to be the general norm and I don't want to live my life like that. Is being ruthless a male behaviour?

What do you think of the film scene in Canada in comparison to the States?

I'm constantly trying to ask myself that question in terms of my own life because I'm trying to decide if, as an independent filmmaker, it would be better to be in the States or in Canada. I think, clearly, as someone interested in making Hollywood type films it would be definitely more advantageous to be in the States. But I don't see myself making films like that so I don't know.

In Vancouver, for instance, there's Cineworks, a film co-op that provides equipment for very cheap prices. Then there's the NFB [National Film Board]which is very supportive of filmmakers. It gave ten thousand dollars to seventeen different women to make a five minute film about feminism. That's incredibly generous. Our film was about twenty-five minutes long and it cost us nine thousand dollars. It blows my mind to think that an institution like the NFB exists in Canada. And people have criticised the NFB because they say that the creation of the NFB has inhibited the growth of the commercial film industry in Canada, but I think it's really great that the NFB has funded the films that it's funded because they're unique and unusual films and it's wonderful that the Canadian government supports films like that.

It seems like there are a lot of independent films that come out of the States. I don't know where the hell these people get their money from. New York State gives out a lot of money to filmmakers. God knows what's going to happen with the NEA [National Endowment for the Arts] now, but it's not something to count on anymore at all. I know that Film Video Arts--an independent film and video centre where I worked over the summer in New York--has lost about twenty percent of its funding from NEA. Not because what Film Video Arts does is controversial, but just because the Reagan administration had cut the NEA's budget. Others states--like California--are very generous in their funding to the arts. Washington state is generous in funding arts, but not necessarily film. And then there's private investors that you have to get. I think that's probably how a lot people get funding in the States.

How did you get money for this film?

The school gave us a budget, between one to two thousand dollars and then the rest came out of Ken's and my pockets. From student loan money basically. And it still costs money every time we send it off to another festival. It just keeps on costing money.

And how about the different independent film scenes?

Actually what got me really excited about going to film school in Canada was when I saw *I've Heard the Mermaids Singing*. A lot of independent films made in Canada are really great like *Top of My Head*. Mainstream Canadian films, like *My American Cousin*, are just as bad as mainstream American films. It was well done, but it just didn't excite me.

One thing about America is that it's more exciting and the issues are hotter there. At least for me they are.

There's something very American about *Henry: Portrait of A Serial Killer*. Not that there aren't serial killers in Canada, but there's something so desperate and so life-threatening about the United States these days. The United States is a very violent society getting more and more violent and conflicts arise out of that that make for interesting film subjects like Spike Lee's stuff. I have a lot of problems with Spike Lee, but the issues he deals with are really really important to me. Canadian culture isn't that important to me. A lot of that is because I'm new to Canada, but just being here it doesn't feel like it's as dynamic a society. If independent film reflects the cultures in which they come from then I think that US independent films are more dynamic than Canadian independent films.

I noticed your company is called Eggplant Productions.

I hold a special place for eggplants in my heart. When I was little my mother brought home an eggplant and I fell in love with it. I was about ten and I thought it was the most beautiful thing in the world. I just wanted to hold and love it and take care of it. I brought it into my room and I would lie in bed with it and caress it. Then she took it away from me to cook it and I was absolutely devestated and I cried and I cried. I went on to make my first 16mm film about re-enacting the eggplant story, this loss of innocence. It was the first time I loved something and I lost it.

NOVEMBER CONCERTS

THURSDAY 1	From Toronto, Enigma Recording Artists **THE SKYDIGGERS** with special guests **STATE OF MIND**
FRIDAY 2	From the UK, Relativity Recording Artists **BAD MANNERS** with guests
SATURDAY 3	From Toronto, **THE HOPPING PENGUINS**
SUNDAY 4	**GRAMES BROTHERS** with guests **PEPE'S BANNED**
MONDAY 5	SHOWCASE
TUESDAY 6	CJIV SHOWCASE NIGHT
WEDNESDAY 7	**GREENHOUSE** with guests **SHE STOLE MY BEER**
THURSDAY 8	From Austin, Texas, **THE TAILGATORS** with **THE LAST WILD SONS**
FRIDAY 9 SATURDAY 10	**PAUL HYDE** with guests **MEMORY DAY**
SUNDAY 11	Geffen Recording Artist **STEVE FORBERT** and special guest **DOUG MILLEDGE**
MONDAY 12	**PIECES OF LISA**
TUESDAY 13	**DOBB AND DUMELA**
WEDNESDAY 14	Timeless Productions presents **SACRIFICIAL REICH, ATROPHY** and **THE BITTER END**
THURSDAY 15	Perryscope presents **THE LEMONHEADS**
FRIDAY 16	**THE PERSUADERS**
SATURDAY 17	**SKABOOM** with **THE RIVER CITY PEOPLE**
SUNDAY 18	From Ottawa, **FURNACE FACE** with special guests
TUESDAY 20	The fabulous surfin' stomp of **THE MUMMIES** with special guests **THE SMUGGLERS** and **THE PHANTOM SURFERS**
WEDNESDAY 21	**SHE**
THURSDAY 22	**CATHERINE WHEEL**
FRIDAY 23	**THE BEAUTIFUL** plus **THE LESLIE SPIT TREE-O**
SATURDAY 24	**ROOTS ROUNDUP** plus **THE LESLIE SPIT TREE-O**
SUNDAY 25	**JERRY JERRY AND THE SONS OF RHYTHM ORCHESTRA** plus **NELLIE'S ROOM**
MONDAY 26	From Calgary **THE BIG BANG THEORY**
WEDNESDAY 28	**GBH** with guests
THURSDAY 29	**CLUB OF ROME** plus **A DAY IN PARIS**
FRIDAY 30	**BOB'S YOUR UNCLE**

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Nov. 19 - 21	**Eddie Shaw**
Nov. 22 - 24	**Jim Byrnes**
Nov. 27 - 30	**The Pontiax**

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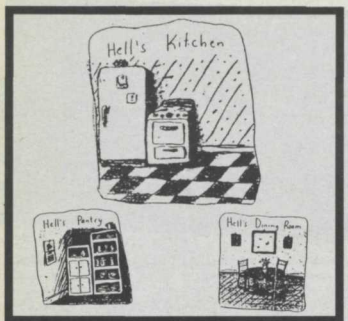

BY VIOLA FUNK

I dunno what it is, but the West End seems to breed great fish 'n' chips shops. For one, **Bud's**. I can think of few better ways to pass a wet Vancouver evening this time of year than sitting in this unassuming little eatery on Denman, nursing a cold Hi-Test and anticipating the consummate fixin's that emerge from the kitchen. Said kitchen occupies the back half of the place and is open to the eating area so's you can witness the bandanna'd cooks doing their thing and eavesdrop on conversations among the familial staff. For that matter, the whole place has the atmosphere of a neighbourhood watering-hole, but one frequented by families with small (though invariably unoffensive, well-behaved) children. There's always a table or two of old regulars sitting around downing pints and looking suspiciously at any patrons they don't recognize, just to authenticate the pub feeling about it I guess. Hey, that's cool by me. Myself, I sit and watch the pedestrian traffic go by on Denman, an occupation never without intrigue. Last time I was there a little girl, obviously an old hand at the Bud's thang, upon entering with her dad reached over my table to flip the sign on the windowsill around from "closed" to "open", which the staff had neglected to do. That's the kind of place it is.

In terms of grub, I highly recommend both the halibut and chips and the fishcake dinner. FishCAKE, not fishsticks: two patties of a spicy fish/mashed-potato stuffing-like substance deep-fried to golden-brown perfection. The chips are dang tasty themselves, and the oyster dinner is definitely worth a try, though I don't know that I could eat a whole one on my own. I think they're an acquired taste I haven't acquired yet.

Anyways, yet another cool thing about Bud's, they serve tea the proper way, leaving you to put the teabag in yourself. I like that. A heapin' platter of food, a beer and a pot of this libation will set you back 10 or 11 bucks and be worth every last red cent. You can also take-away (besides the other offerings on the menu) "Fish Bits," which sound kooky enough to appeal: one buck for a half-order, two for a full one.

I've said it before and I'll say it again: **Olympia Oyster and Fish Company** rules. This little gem, tucked away amongst the materialistic carnage of Robson St between Burrard and Thurlow, makes damn nigh the finest fish 'n' chips in the city and doesn't charge an arm and a leg to do it either: $5.45 for two pieces of cod 'n' chips, a dollar more for halibut 'n' chips. It's essentially a take-out joint, purveying everything from lox to Knorr Soup mixes, but there're narrow stool-lined counters on two walls where you're welcome to perch and chow down. The cold drinks case offers Dad's Root Beer, among other delicacies, and every day there's a special from the kitchen on offer: shark, or orange roughy, or squid, or some such exotic fare. I stick to the basic cod or halibut and chips, and have never been disappointed. (Nor have dining companions who've tried the specials, don't get me wrong.) These guys's expert melding of the lightest, goldenest batter with the flakiest, melt-in-your-mouth fish rivals that of the **Salty's** in Surrey, God rest its soul; we're talkin' seafood manna here. And the vinaigrette-anointed coleslaw is to be reckoned with as well. Nor is this place short on atmosphere; lots of customers are greeted by name and long neighbourly discussions often ensue. As for the two (Italian?) proprietors, if they're not actual brothers, they sure seem like it. Camaraderie city, Olympia must be the last holdout against pretension on the length of what used to be "Robsonstrasse". Remember?

Ah, well, you can sit and mourn for the pre-car-stereo days and tackle a steaming platter of real comfort food, and end up feeling not half bad after all. If several degrees greasier.

BUD'S HALIBUT & CHIPS 1007 Denman at Nelson 683-0661

OLYMPIA OYSTER & FISH CO. 1094 Robson at Thurlow 685-0716

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REAL LIVE ACTION

URBAN DANCE SQUAD
Graceland
Tuesday 25 September

UDS have this weird theory that since you paid a whole $6.99 for the show, you should be able to do what you damn well please. The audience definitely took advantage of this and joined them on stage. Although sometimes as many as ten people were up there, everything was kept under control by UDS's rapper, Rude Boy. Lacking those annoying macho posturings of most male rappers, he was instead extremely energetic, having a great time and good-naturedly dancing with the fans. Similarly, the guitar player remained unperturbed while people played air-guitar behind him.

The music lived up to the mass adulation. Hailing from Holland, UDS gets a fresh perspective on North American musical trends and returns it in a stimulatingly fast and heavy blend of rap, funk and metal—just like the posters promised! **June Scudeler**

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
Commodore Ballroom
Sunday 7 October

People of all ages, shapes, and sizes crammed into the Commodore to see the legendary Marianne Faithful, and judging by the roars of the crowd, the show was a success. Cigarette wielding Marianne looked fantastic and seemed to be quite happy with herself. A talented crew of two provided worthy back up to an excellent show. Several Stones songs quenched the thirsty mass, as well as a variety of songs from Faithfull's career a la the *Blazing Away* album.

Some yahoos scattered in the audience were so psyched they wouldn't let her take a breath without assuming the song was over. This lead to wild and premature clapping, stamping, and yip yip yipping. I can't say I recall having heard such loud & enthusiastic appeals for encores in my life. She played four in two separate sets, saving "As Tears Go By" for very last. One thing is for certain: Marianne Faithful has a friend in Vancouver. **Caroline Lengford**

DANZIG/TROUBLE
Commodore Ballroom
Monday 8 October

Upon entering the Commodore, I expected to leave with ears ringing; seeing the earplugs being sold at the bar instead of alcohol warned me that I would probably be deaf by the end of this all-ages gig. The Marshalls were stacked high on stage and the Commodore was doing its usual trick of playing their version of "hard rock"—The Scorpions, Lee Aaron and other shitty bands—at the loudest possible volume.

The opening band, Trouble, was a fast, loud, obnoxious metally thrash band. They didn't impress the audience much despite their slight Black Sabbath feel; I was surprised to see them doing a show with Danzig as their music styles are so different.

After a seemingly endless interval, Danzig finally showed up. They opened right into the first three songs of their new album. In fact, during the course of their show they played every song from *Danzig II—Lucifuge*, as well as the main ones from their first record.

While ex-DOA drummer, Chuck Biscuits, loomed over the stage on his raised drum kit, the guitarist continually threw his specially-embossed guitar picks to the audience, Glenn Danzig thrashed and screamed his way around stage, and the bassist ignored everyone, playing with his back to the audience most of the time. The band played true to their distinct, polished sound in the loud and fast way that the audience expected and wanted.

I was particularly impressed by John Christ's excellent guitar playing. With a kind of wild intensity, he kept up the fast-paced energy so central to the band, while simultaneously manipulating the actions and reactions of the audience. Glenn Danzig was obviously the head dude, though, giving the impression of being a tad on the self-centred side. However, it cannot be denied that he has a powerful voice and an intriguing way of presenting his lyrics and music.

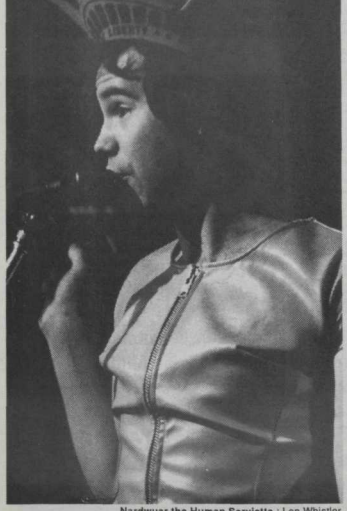
Although I enjoyed the gig in its loud and abrasive way, next time it might be a wise idea to invest in a pair of those earplugs. **Angie Finley**

Urban Dance Squad : Greg Elsie

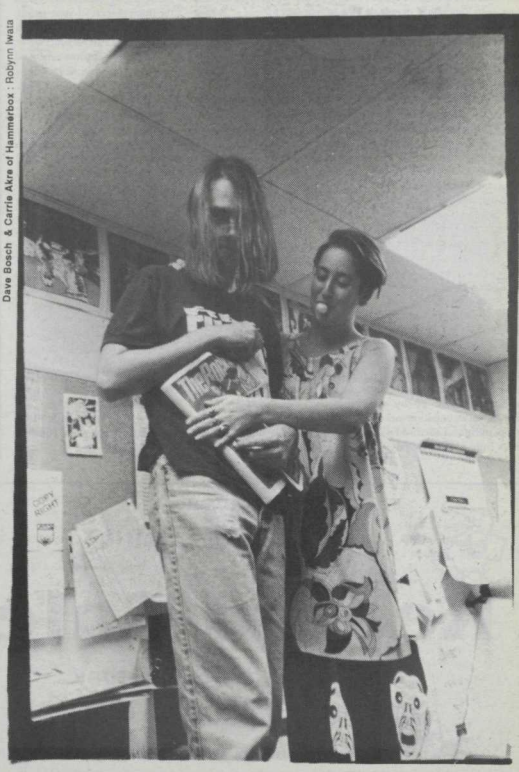
MAJEK FASHEK
Town Pump
Tuesday 9 October

The crowd at the Town Pump was small on Tuesday mainly due to North America's unfamiliarity with Majek Fashek, however the lack of people did not prevent Fashek and his twelve piece band, The Prisoners of Conscience, from giving an energetic performance. They began with a musical introduction, "Let the Righteousness Cover the Earth." Fashek made a grand entrance, dressed in a long red robe and a tall black leather hat, tolling a bell and urging the audience to "repent." The red robe was then discarded, revealing army fatigues underneath.

The band played two long sets separated by a short break. Fashek and his band have created their own unique sound, mixing traditional African rhythms with Reggae, and highlighting the mix with Fashek's clear and intense vocals and the distinctly Nigerian accent provided by two talking drums. Fashek lead the band through material from the new album, including a fantastic version of Bob Marley's "Redemp-



Nardwuar the Human Serviette : Len Whistler



Dave Bosch & Carrie Akre of Hammerbox : Robynn Iwata

Kim & Lulu of The Fastbacks : Robynn Iwata

tion Song." They even inserted a chorus of Billy Roberts' "Hey Joe," Jimmy Hendrix style, into "I've Got the Feeling." Fashek also did a song called "Majek Fashek in New York," written in astonishment at finding homeless people and beggars in the United States; he said he expected this in Nigeria but never imagined he would find the same situation in America.

The tone of the evening was definitely upbeat, though, with Fashek dancing wildly about the stage, his dreadlocks down. When he stopped to ask "Are you happy?" he got a quick and enthusiastic response from the crowd, who had long since occupied the dance floor. Fashek saved "Send Down the Rain," the song which made him a national hero and success, until the very end of the show. Majek Fashek is on his way up, and we can be guaranteed of more great things from this man. If you missed this show, be sure to get the album. Then wait impatiently for his return. **Catherine Dickson**

CLEGG & SAVUKA
Commodore Ballroom
Thursday 11 October

Despite announcements to the contrary, the opening band was The Samples with their all too familiar Reggae beats and Sting-like vocals. They managed to stir the crowd's interest slightly but left much to be desired.

Johnny Clegg and Savuka opened with "Bombs Away," one of the more overtly political songs from their latest release, ***Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World***. They played for almost two hours straight, drawing material from their three albums. The traditional Zulu dances performed by Clegg, Zulu and Dlanga drew the greatest responses from the sell-out yet rather quiet ***Thirtysomething/*** university crowd; with much coaxing by Clegg, they sang along to songs such as "Siyayilanda" and "Dela." Between songs such as "Asimbonanga," and "One '(Hu)' Man One Vote," Clegg paused to explain Zulu lyrics or comment on the South African situation. But the show was not just concerned with politics; the encore paired a football song with "Ring On Her Finger."

Clegg obviously enjoyed himself, although he sometimes seemed caught between playing, singing and his never ending urge to dance. His deep admiration for Zulu music and culture shone through, proving once again that pleasing Zulu rhythms combined with contemporary music add up to an extremely polished and enjoyable performance. **Catherine Dickson**

ORGANIZED!
S.U.B. Ballroom
Friday 12 October

Seattle's Hammerbox appeared as part of this six band West Coast extravaganza. DISCORDER asked the tasty Carrie Akre (vocalist) and oh-so-tender Dave Bosch to assess the bands that joined them on stage for a truly inspirational pantomine tribute to Hands Across America that memorable autumn evening.

The Evaporators:
Dave: I thought they were dis.
Carrie: Dis!
Dave: Discordant. They were discordant, but I liked 'em.
Carrie: I loved Nardwuar's pants. The pants were hot. The crown was good. I felt good about it.

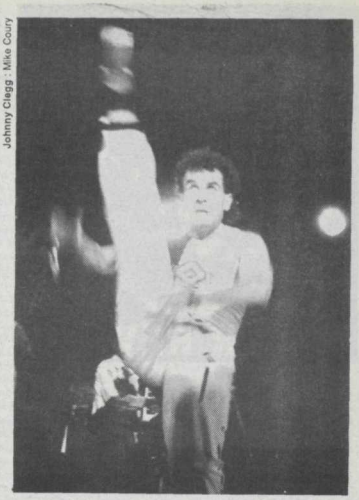
Gas Huffer:
Dave: They always mow me over.
Carrie: They rock.

Mr. T Experience:
Dave: I couldn't believe it myself. I've never seen 'em before and I couldn't believe it.
Carrie: Loved 'em.

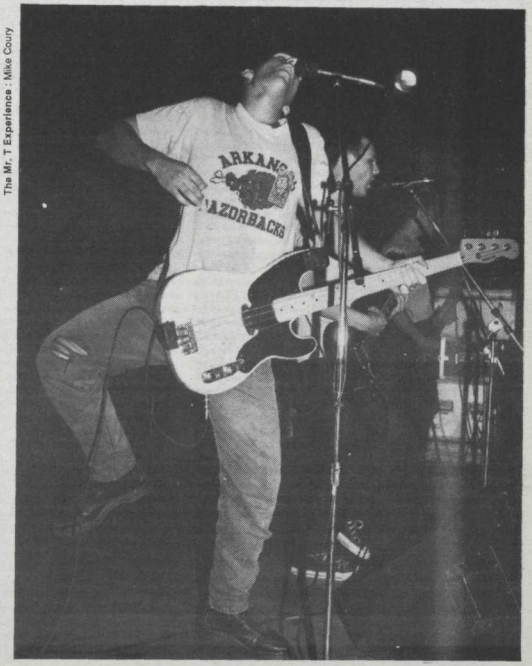
Fastbacks, Posies: any comments?
Dave: Clear favorites.
Carrie: The Posies are good people.
Dave: They've been doing it and they still do it and it's great.

But what about Hammerbox itself? Asked about the band's goals, nuclear tri-city Kennawick, WA-bred Akre explains: "I'd like to put out good music and do it at a level where you can do a lot of playing, rather than just going off and getting signed and making records and being away from everything. Not that being signed would be bad, but there's no rush. We've got one year behind us and I think that if we're doing this well, then there's no reason not to take our time and do it well." Preparations are underway for an early 1991 EP release. (Contact: Big Flaming Ego Records, c/o Modern Enterprises, 907 Pine St. # 701, Seattle, WA 98101) **Lloyd Uliana**

Johnny Clegg : Mike Coury



The Mr. T Experience : Mike Coury



UNDER REVIEW

AFRO'S
Kickin' Afrolistics
CBS/RAL

The names of this group and their record should give away their theme even before you listen to such cuts as "Afro Like A Mutha," "Coolin' with the 'Fros," "On the Fro Farm," "Afro's in the House," and others. Totally original, the Afro's have picked up on a new, not to mention hilarious, concept sure to attract some attention. The excellent singles "Why Do I Wear My Fro" and the hit 12" "Feel It" harken back to that early 70s disco sound. At one point they mimic PE's "Megablast" ("Oh please, Oh please, Oh please, just give me just one more hit!...") but replace the lyrics with their own crazy rhymes ("Oh please, Oh please, Oh please, just let me just use your pick..."). Their style? Funky rhythms with lots of horns, high hats, disco riffs and groovin' sounds that keep the listener busy. On a more serious tip is "Straight From the Penial" and "Federal Offense" which deals with self-defense and how the law treats the situation. Produced by Jam Master Jay of RUN DMC, this album is SLAMMIN! But you ask, "Do these guys REALLY have afros or is that just their name?" Well, there's only one way to find out, isn't there? **Terror T**

BLOODSTAR
Bloodstar
Red Decibel/Desert Engine

Platzpromenade Park on magnetic tape. Sikorsky drum programming, comic book mythology, hypnotic synth lines, and guitars that outmean Killdozer, Zurich trio Bloodstar have their former #5 SpinList LP (May 1990) import re-released to an (otherwise) unsuspecting North American market. New age from the sewers of Zurich. Windham Hell, indeed! Highlights: "Dawn," "World Is Dead," "Ten Thousand Years." **Ulianа**

CELTIC FROST
Vanity/Nemesis
BMG/Noise

Mid-tempo underground metal verging on commercial radio breakthrough. Restrained and too clean considering Roli Mosimann (Young Gods, Wiseblood, Swans) produces, at the same time driving and full bodied. Geddy Lee fans take note: the big guy does back-up vocals on "Restless Seas" and "Wings of Solitude." Wanky, (see Suicidal's Rocky George) ill-placed solos abound as well—"Name of My Bride," Bowie's "Heroes," "Third from the Sun," "The Heart Beneath." Lots of cool tempo change-initiated 'ughs' included. **Ulianа**

CHINA CRISIS
Collection
A&M/Virgin

No one ever made any sense of the fake jazz and honky soul of China Crisis in these parts, so this *Collection* is beyond me. Hints of Style Council and late Roxy Music with the dude from Ripples is a reference point. Includes "African & White," the mid-80s *Soundproof* favorite "Working With Fire and Steel," the jewelery commercial jingle-inspired "Wishful Thinking," and the exquisite "You Did Cut Me." **Ulianа**

CHRIS AND COSEY
Reflection
Cargo/Wax Trax

Someone's got some big plans for techno wizzes Chris Carter and Cosey Fanni Tutti, what with the re-releasing of some of their earlier import LPs–*Songs of Love and Lust*, *Heartbeat*, *Trance*, and *Techno Primitiv* (which actually was available in Canada), plus *Reflection*, a summary of these LPs unto itself. Shimmering, sexy adventures in electro-dance and minimalism. **Ulianа**

DIOXIN
demo tape
Dioxin

A five-song, sub-twenty minute analysis of Swiss military drafting procedures ("It's a tin soldier army. Suppressed. Subdued. Recruitment 17 weeks. Swiss Army fuck off."–from "Swiss Army"); Credit Suisse's investment programs in South Africa ("Apartheid State"); the ever-present and growing right-wing element ("The Next Hitler"); environmental decimation ("The price for a healthy environment is less comfort and less money. But as long as the multinational corporations strive for profit, the destruction will continue. Soon we will die in masses like a swarm of wretched grasshoppers." - from "Holocaust"); and post-apocalyptic visions in "Atomic Death" ("Worldwide 400,000 scientists–that is nearly half of the academical [sic] intelligence of mankind - are working on the preparation of and production of atomic and chemical mass-annihilating methods.") courtesy of one very angry German-Swiss hardcore band, Dioxin. Intelligent interpretation and discussion of issues and, while the drumming requires some work, their energy lyrically and musically makes them a welcome addition to our airwaves and well worth the 78 cents to write to the band for more information on the availability of this cassette. (Contact: Dioxin c/o Marcel Reich, Visura 224, 70 14 Trin, Switzerland) **Ulianа**

THE FALL
A Sides 1984-1989
PolyGram/Beggars Banquet

Why pester your loaded ex-inlaws when you can release a hits package like this and juice up your bank account on your own? Brix is gone and the enigmatic, prolific, comic, and anything-else-you-want-to-call-him (mumbler is another one), Mark E. Smith is relying on the 400 pathetic souls who showed up to the Fall's Commodore show in 1988 to pick this collection of singles up. And tell two friends. Seventeen tracks highlighted by "L.A." and "Cruiser's Creek" from *This Nation's Saving Grace* LP, "Mr. Pharmacist," and a remixed version of "Jerusalem" minus the "I was walking down the street when I tripped up on a discarded banana skin" episode, from the soundtrack to the Michael Clark Dance Company's production *I Am Curious Orange*. **Ulianа**

THE FASTBACKS
Very Very Powerful Motor
Popllama

Geez, I/we've been waitin' sooo long for it. To finally have it in my sweaty mitts brings tears to my eyes. Okay enough gushing! I love this band, I do, but I truly believe that even if I'd never ever ever heard of The Fastbacks. I'd still love this album as I do. Kurt, Kim, Nate and even guest appearances by Lulu! Sigh. Maybe it's just nostalgia and sad old highschool memories (yikes, they really have been around a long time). I've heard folks say "it's the same old mint melties" but damn they do them old mint melties good! Perhaps too good? "In The Summer" a tune already well known by CJTR listeners, kicks off the LP. Had I only heard this version I'd no doubt think "Wow" but I've heard at least two other renditions and this one seems as though they just wanted to fix one more thing. It's like writing an essay and not having it due for three years. Each time you read it, you just want to change one more word to make it excellent to the point that sure it'll be an A paper technically but it might just pass interest-wise. In other words, it comes off a bit too slick. However the second track is an oh-so-cool cover of The Pointed Sticks' "Apologies." This album also contains a few oddities: handclapping sounds on "Apologies," a funny car sound on "What to Expect," acoustic guitar (?) on "I Won't Regret," and what seems to be a Fastbacks in Space song called "Last Night I Had a Dream That I Could Fly." A few of these songs (eg, "Always Tomorrow" and "Better Than Before") did appear on the *Bike Toy Clock Gift* live cassette which kept Fastman-Swiss hardcore band, Dioxin. Intelligent interpretation and discussion of issues and, while the drumming requires some work, their energy lyrically and musically makes them a welcome addition to our airwaves and well worth the 78 cents to write to the band for more information on the availability of this cassette. (Contact: Dioxin c/o Marcel Reich, Visura 224, 70 14 Trin, Switzerland) **Ulianа**

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HUMAN LEAGUE
Romantic?
A&M/Virgin

Recaptures the magic of 1982 techno cornerstone LP, *Dare?* Nah. Post-menopausal love ills with lyrics that touch on the pathetic vocabularies of Trent "Tell ya what, you say how innovative and crucial a performer I am and you put my face on your cover, and my record company will take out a full colour back cover ad" Reznor and Barney Summer, with an electronic pulse. Mind you, I always liked the vocal interplay between Oakey, Miss Sulley, and Miss Catherall. "A Doorway" ("I respect your territory/Hope there's room in your world for me/Is there room in your mind to see/A Doorway?") and the pseudo-current affairs number a la "The Lebanon," "Heart Like a Wheel" ("You can't keep the wheels turning anymore/With anger, blood, and fear/Or make any friends with an M-16/When you blast your way through here") are tender. **Ulianа**

JESUS AND MARY CHAIN
Rollercoster
WEA/Blanco Y Negro

Tom Petty with a Husqvarna. "Rollercoaster" combines "Mr. Tambourine Man" with Dinosaur Jr.'s "In a Jar." Trademark feedback doses in "Lowlife." "Hit"—like plodding in their cover of Cohen's "Tower of Song." Caution: CBC friendly. **Ulianа**

Well, this doesn't sound a whole hell of a lot different than their last release *Automatic*–and who says that's such a bad thing? It's the same droning feed back, but with more melody than previous releases such as *Psychocandy*. The lyrics are not really important with JAMC, they take a back seat to the barrage of guitar. There's really no new ground being broken here except for the cover of Leonard Cohen's "Tower of Song," which I think manages to capture some of Cohen's poetics in a weird kinda way. If you're in the mood for a quick fix of the Jesus and Mary Chain, this EP is certainly the thing for it: quick, loud and fast. **June Scudeler**

MINISTRY
In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up
WEA/Sire

More than a souvenir of last year's North American tour, this six song EP serves as a reminder to the doughhead promoters who didn't jump at the opportunity of bringing into town one of the most crucial acts on college radio playlists of recent years, Ministry, and their Mutants of Rock colleagues Thrill Kill Kult and Berlin's KFMDM. Abrasive speed metal disco selections from the last two LPs—*Land of Rape and Honey* and *The Mind is a Terrible Thing To Taste* released in conjunction with a full length video concert of the same name available at the retail level. **Ulianа**

MINISTRY
***In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up* [video]**
WEA/Sire

SKINNY PUPPY
***Ain't It Dead Yet* [video]**
Nettwerk Productions

Chicago's Ministry and Vancouver's Skinny Puppy form the creme of the industrial crop. Despite being friends and colleagues (Al Jourgensen played on and mixed some of the tracks on **Rabies** and Nivek Ogre toured with Ministry, as well as having helped write two songs for *A Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste*), the bands manage to keep musically separate as evinced in their latest videos.

In Case You Didn't... was filmed during Ministry's 89-90 US tour and shows raw power; subtlety stripped to the bone. The stage swarms with musicians including Chris Connelly on keyboards, William Kieflin on drums, Paul Barker on bass and Nivek Ogre on keyboard, guitar and vocals. Al Jourgensen, the slightly obnoxious leader, is the maniacal focus of all this activity. The high point is the pull-out-the-stops version of *Land of Rape and Honey*. Jello Biafra precedes the song with a suitably inflammatory address which begins "I pledge defiance to the flag of the United Snakes of Captivity" and goes on to urge the crowd to let the "Yankee Swastika burn, baby, burn." *Land of Rape and Honey* then crashes into all its visual and musical glory scenes of the Depression and Nazi Germany are interspliced with the inspired delerium chaos on stage.

In stark contrast, *Ain't It Dead Yet* consists of just Ogre, Cevin Key and D. Rudolf Guettel, lending a sense of intimacy that *In Case You Didn't...* lacks because of the latter's sheer size and stage set-up. There are no barriers here whereas the Ministry set-up consists of a wire mesh fence at the front of the stage, leaving enough space for audience members to dance and dive back into the crowd. This creates a curious sense of detachment as if the whole concert was staged merely for a video shoot. At the end of the concert, Ogre abruptly jumps into the crowd. He is pulled out by roadies sans shirt and looking quite pleased with himself, apparently unscathed. "First Aid" with its growly safe-sex lesson and "Deep Down Trauma Hounds" are the standouts.

It is surprising how different the music is from what was expected. Rather than being carbon copies of their albums, Skinny Puppy utilises a lot of improvisation and newly added sampling. MInistry, on the other hand, sounds amazingly close to their records, only harder and meaner. Both videos are recommended, *In Case You Didn't...* for its overpowering music and visuals, and *Ain't It Dead Yet* for it's intimate portrayal of an often misunderstood band. The latter can only be acquired through Nettwerk as it has never been officially released. **June Scudeler**

PIECES OF LISA
Great Idaho Potato Famine
Plump

"The biggest thing happening right now is sort of the funk-thrash thing—Primus, Psychefunkapus, the Red Hots," admits Tom Pierce of San Francisco's Pieces of Lisa. "There's been a lot of movements toward that and a lot of labels are paying attention to these bands." While his band doesn't fall under the 'funk-thrash thing' category, Pieces of Lisa do share a level of aggression and humour ("Wilbur Meets Me," "Skinny Jesus," "Get Out of My Yard") that these bands are reknowned for. Asked if the college radio suck-up for the Pieces of Lisa debut LP *Great Idaho Potato Famine* has been excruciatingly painful, Pierce responds, "No, actually. We've been pleasantly surprised. We expected little. You do music for a while and you learn not to expect too much. We put the record out and all sorts of stations have really liked it." Pierce and cohorts Pomme Fritte and Troy Sutton appear at the Town Pump on the 12th. **Ulianа**

REDD KROSS
Third Eye
WEA/Atlantic

These guys used to be cool in a sort of psychedelic Led-Zeppelin-meets-Black-Flag-meets-Mott-the-Hoople kind of way but them some bigwig got the hots for'em and decided they were cute enough to play schmaltzy poop music. Redd Kross is fixated on the late 70s, singing about girls with long greasy hair and halter tops in a musical style strangely reminis-

cent of my grade eight garage band; even songs with promising titles like "Elephant Flares" and "Shonen Knife" end up sounding like Bad Company covers done by the band that played at Greg Brady's prom. The fact that they wear elevator boots and highly flammable outfits doesn't even begin to make up for this crap they bothered to record. **Gav**

REPLACEMENTS
All Shook Down
WEA/Sire
Outtakes from Jon Bon Jovi's *Blaze of Glory Soundtrack*. The first single "Merry Go Round" is a decent simple pop song, although it bears a remarkable resemblance to "I'll Be You" from their previous LP *Don't Tell a Soul*. **Ulana**

THE WILD SWANS
Space Flower
WEA
When one talks about music that is easy to digest, one is probably talking about the Wild Swans; with a cover photo of an interesting dessert and song titles such as "Chocolate Bubblegum" and "Vanilla Melange," *Space Flower* seems geared toward the hungry record buyer. This is the epitome of a record without substance. All the cuts are nice, happy tunes that say nothing except "songs for Muzak covers are still being made."

Actually, the band could be worse. At least they don't try to pretend they're deep. I mean how can you take anyone seriously when they sing a song called "I'm a Lighthouse." They didn't even bother to include a lyrics sheet because they wouldn't take up any space, the words are repeated so often.

I guess the whole point of the album is to have fun, but they remind me too much of the Mighty Lemon Drops, whose sound is based around one or two simple ideas repeated over and over again. I also got the feeling that psychedelia was added as an afterthought calculated to make people want to listen more to the album. It didn't work. I find *Space Flower* just a little too much of an OK thing. **Angie Finley**

YOUNG GODS
Young Gods
Cargo/Wax Trax
Taking their cue from Ministry, even though *Discorder* readers will be quick to point out that Frank Bagnoud, Cesare Pizzi, and Frank Treicher were in fact delivering their evil synth-punk brew while Jourgensen was still getting coiffed like Howard Jones, Zurich's Young Gods release their follow-up to last-year's *L'Eau Rouge* LP and "Longue Route" 12".

Real drums, sampled strings, and a singer that gargles sodium hydrochloride prior to laying down the vocal tracks, the Young Gods are less static than either Ministry or Laibach, and less pretentious than Wiseblood, even though comparisons can be made to all three. Still, the Gods remain one of the more intriguing performers on the extensive Wax Trax roster. **Ulana**

Do you dig singles? I do too. Smell the rubber here every month!

Once called "Scandinavia's finest moderators of scuzz" by ***Forced Exposure***, Finland's Bad Vugum is one of the more interesting labels to touch this station in the past little while. CMX's *Raivo* EP is in a vein similar to their *Kolmikarki* LP that was reviewed in the September *Discorder*: Finnish hardcore. Obviously mono-anglophones can't understand a bloody word since they sing in Finnish, but most of the music is pretty damn good. Lot's of fast-slow tempo changes; the faster bits remind me of Terveet Kadet. Unfortunately though, it's not consistently good throughout. **Radiopuhelimet's *Sinappia Ja Ketsuppia*** EP is more Finnish hardcore that rips along in the tradition of early European hardcore such as Rattus or a slower Terveet Kadet. Great vocals that sound very familiar but I can't seem to place them. With **Mengele**, we're not getting more hardcore, but speedcore metal. At first listen, this super harsh thrash is quite appealing but the endless wanking guitar solos and the predictable style of fast-mosh-solo-fast gets tedious. Also what's with many metal bands' infantile obsessions with cheezy horror-movie style death lyrics? Were the lyrics meant to conform or glorify Dr. Mengele?

Finally, there's **Paska**, a crazy goofy Finnish guy who apparently once opened for Deja Voodoo. His ***Super Double Mega Maxi Hits!*** EP is spoken word/scat/rap along the lines of Montreal's EJ Brule. Memorable tracks include his wonderfully crazy cover of **Motorhead's** "Ace of Spades" and that CiTR wonderhit "I'm Shit!" If you need more Finnish hardcore, check out **Valse Triste's** EP (Trash Can). They're similar to the Partisans or Riot Squad with their alternating 1-2, 1-2 military drumbeat and harsh gutteral vocals and raw guitars. Not bad, but it does sound dated and this style has been done much better by other bands.

California's Vinyl Communications meanwhile have put out a couple of things of note as well. **Amenity** was a hardcore band that I'd heard alot about but never heard anything from until now. In their ***This is Our Struggle*** EP, I found their anti-racist stand-and-unite lyrics okay but the heavy, grinding guitars and hoarse vocals bored me. No nasty edge. Nice glossy fold-out insert though. And then there's **Titwrench's *Go Back to Europe*** EP. Right on. Lot's of stuff to read here, too, with a great insert in the DK collage style. The music? Difficult-to-describe; how about hardcore-version-of-the-Beatnigs? Clips from news reports interspersed with a frantic drumbeat and distorted Big Black style vocals: interesting and quite cool.

Guess who's the big influence with **The Blitzkrieg Boys**? If you like the Ramones' first two albums, you'll love The Blitzkrieg Boys' five-song EP (Teenage Rebel). They've got the style right, from the vocals to the drumming to the guitar playing. Almost like having the old Ramones back but not as versatile as the Richies. Hot shit but not boring, unlike the **Werefrogs** whose limited edition "It's Real" b/w "Tin the World" (Trance) single has acoustic guitars, mellow horns and an annoyingly dreamy voice that put me to sleep almost instantly. Cool name, though. For raw, nasty, hard-edged, kick-ass punk rock, check out the **Derelicts'** "Misery Maker" b/w "Wash" single (Sub Pop) or ***Time to Fuck Up*** EP (Empty). Both were produced by Jack Endino of Skin Yard but I do like the Sub Pop single alot better. This is what the Dwarves would be if they wrote songs this good. For raw, unpolished, catchy guitar pop, try **Fertile Virgin's** EP (Harriet). Surface simplicity hides some interesting noises in the background, especially on "Mashima." Ultra cool, it grows on you. **Hammerbox's** "After All" b/w "Kept House" (Big Flaming Ego) is also guitar pop but with an everslight touch of those dark Seattle heavies. Primo track "Kept House" with its cool percussive industrial guitar intro takes a look at wife beating and one is forced to think about the oppositions suggested by its title (ie, "Kept House" vs "Housekeeper"). Seattle wondergods **Young Fresh Fellows'** "Divorce #9" b/w "Hallowe'en 247" (Popllama) thing is not your typical YFF fare despite its being still the product of Scott McCaughey's songwriting skill. "Hallowe'en 247" is harder and more grunged-out, and the vocals seem as though they have been run through a pepper mill a la Billy Childish. Also, they are no longer explicitly happy and poppy and are downright scary; check out "Divorce #9": "for way too many long years I've been married to my friends sharing every single inch of our lives and more. Is that what friends are for?" and "we don't long for yesterday but we're not too fond of today." Also think about the centre label which says that "Divorce #9" is from their soon-to-never-be-released break-up album. And by the way, what does "Folgered" mean? **Sockeye's *That Cheezy Sensation*** EP (Family Fest) is on (oooooh) limited edition bluish-grey splashed vinyl which I guess was the only way they could sell this totally boring and unnecessary disc of lame funnypunk. Almost as uninteresting is **The Cattle's *Cattle Call*** EP (Dionysus), a mixture of distorted country cowpoke music, country rock and yodelling. Kind of weird but not really very interesting. Mooo. Fuck this. "Discontent" b/w "Jailhouse Stomp" (American Leather) is typical **Poison Idea** blasting their way through two classic songs which manage to combine all the best elements of hardcore and heavy metal. How can one band be so consistent? The anti-nazi sentiments are always a welcome listen. **Die Kreuzen** do a cover of **Wire's** "Pink Flag" and the **Germ's** "Land of Treason" in their latest release (Touch & Go). I'm not really that familiar with the originals so I can't say how similar these versions are, but "Pink Flag" is a really cool song, good pounding drumbeat, raw wiry guitar and laid back Pink Floydish vocals. "Land of Treason," on the other hand, races wildly along with the vocalist sounding like a hyperactive, screaming Darby Crash. This is a hot single; it's hard to imaging how the originals could be any better than this. **Pleasure Head** (Cubist) do a fairly faithful rendition of Lou Reed's "Foggy Notion" (yawn). "Catholic Guilt" is much more interesting. Mellow, laid back music with cool female vocals that suddenly burst into a wild Dickless-style primal scream in the chorus. Similarly, **Laughing Hyenas** feature a major screamer in "Here We Go Again" b/w "Candy" (Touch & Go). Pretty standard, slow heavy grunge but the vocals make this quite memorable.

I always approach live recordings with a little trepidation, wondering if I'm about to hear a great raw live sound or ten tons of shit. Side one of **Marshmallow Overcoat's *Alive*** EP is a "live" studio recording that sounds pretty good but the songs are fairly average. Side two is a live concert, and it suffers from more average songs and muffled vocals. The only thing really interesting on this record is the tinny organ sound. The Overcoat are capable of much better psychedelia than this so skip it unless you're a huge fan. For Japanese hardcore recorded live, check out the **S.O.B./Napalm Death *UK European Tour '89*** split EP (MCR Company). These were recorded live while the bands were touring in Europe. Raw, insane, ripping thrash that sounds like it's been recorded underwater with a tin can and a string. Actually, the sound is not quite that bad, but it definitely leaves a bit to be desired. Still, if you like Napalm Death, you'd probably like S.O.B. The ***Sore Throte, Ded Goat*** EP (No Threes) is the farewell release for Seattle's **Pure Joy**, a band that has been defunct for some time now after putting out their their critically acclaimed ***Carnivore*** album. Although the EP is a live recording, the sound quality is surprisingly hot. I'd say these songs are almost as good as their single "Now I Know" b/w "All the Stupid Things." Catchy pop/rock with a pop edge. What with Mr. Pure Joy Rusty Willoughby now in **Flop**, it comes as no surprise that their four-song EP (Lucky) carries along in the same pop/punk tradition but with a slightly harder edge. One exception is "Somehow" which rips along at a truly frantic pace, reminding me somewhat of the Hard-Ons.

Finally, on the Pacific Rim front, Osaka's Alchemy label distributed by Public Bath is giving Steve-Largent-town a run for its money. For funcore from Japan, check out the **Garlic Boys'** four-song EP. Don't know what they're on about but with titles like "Yokozuna," "Mad Asshole," The Way of the Fat Boy," and "Smegmania," they don't sound all that politically inclined to moi. Kitschy, juvenile Suicidal Tendencies circa their first album, skate-punk in Japanese. "Yokozuna" is the Garlic Boys' tribute to the highest rank of sumo wrestling, and among the silly Iron Maiden riffs. you'll be able to shout out "Uchari!", "Monozashi!", "Yorikiri!" some Garlic Boys' recommended sumo holds. "Mad Asshole" is probably about pre-jog bran flakes and skim milk (hold the bananas) binges, and boy, is it mad. Steaming, even. Great Michael Gerald "Hi there" question-response segment in "The Way of the Fat Boy." ***Japan Bashing Volume Two*** is a split EP featuring hard psychedelic grunge from **Subvert Blaze** ("Butterfly," "Reprise")–wonderful tinny gong, too!–and the real gem in this Alchemy assortment–**Playmate** ("Upside Down," "Life Is Never Too Short") an all-onna combo who write melodic pop songs that still bear the pockmarks of garageland. Judging from the discipline-starved straight male DJs' responses to L7, Lunachicks, Dickless and the Breeders in the past, I figure this single should 'move well' on the CiTR SpinList. As for **Omoide Hatoba**, apparently Alchemy's got a full length CD of these guys available in Japan and their three song ***Surfin' in UFO*** EP is but a sampler. Listenable, experimental use of conventional instruments, unlike their paisano Mr. Merzbow. Freeform Jazz bits and improv with hints of the Butthole Surfers, particularly on the title track.

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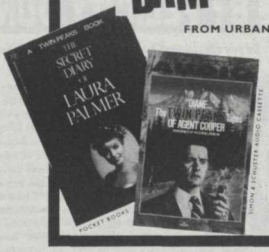

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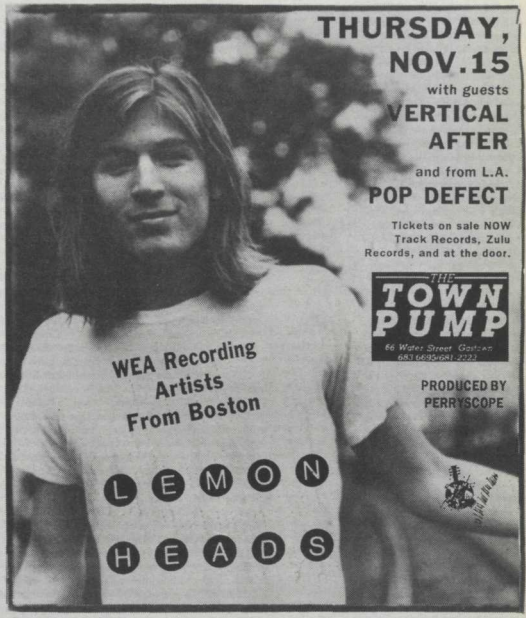

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YA KNOW... NOTHING HAPPENING AT ONCE.
WELL, YA KNOW, THESE THINGS DO HAPPEN... I DID HAVE A GREEN LIGHT, YA KNOW.
REAK
SPANG
MMMM...
VEGAM
GIRL, MUCH AS I LOVE PREGNANT PAUSES, AND I STRESS 'PREGNANT', I DO B'LIEVE SOME EXTREMELY WEIRD SHIT IS HAPPENING TO MY TRANSPORTATION.
MAYBE I'LL JUST TAKE YOUR T-SHIRT LITERALLY.
AND YOU COULD PUT ME DOWN.
OH, SURE, JUST AVOID THE ISH- HEY, YOU LISSENIN' TO ME?
NO.
HUH?
SPROING
SO?
SPROING
MACHO ME? YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING - LIKE-
THIS GUY ALMOST RAN OVER OPHELIA LAST ISH, SHE MAD, GEDDIT? HIS NAME IS THEO.
HUMP
CREAK
COOL...
EEK!
JUNKFLESH

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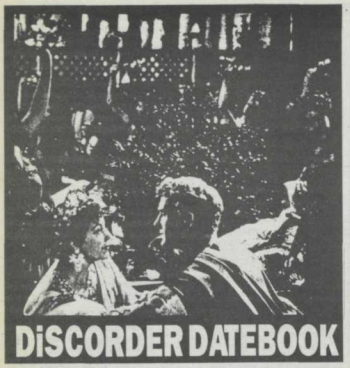


DISCORDER DATEBOOK

THURSDAY 1 **Lick Dirt** with **TT Racer** at the Cruel Elephant.... **Skydiggers** with **Slate of Mind** at the Town Pump.... **Stryper** with **Trixter** at 86 Street.... **Luther "Guitar Jr" Johnson** at the Yale.... **CiTR Cool Thursdays** at the Pit Pub.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse...**PhotoSoc Show** continues at the AMS Art Gallery.... **The Little Thief** (7:15pm) & **Grand Highway** (9:30pm) at the Starlight.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

FRIDAY 2 **Forbidden Dimension** with **TT Racer** at the Cruel Elephant.... **Bad Manners** at the Town Pump.... **Hugo Torres** at the Chilean Social Club.... **Luther "Guitar Jr" Johnson** at the Yale.... **The Jitters** at 86 Street.... **University Chamber Singers** (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse.... **Art Vancouver '90** opens at the Robson Square Conference Centre.... **Pelle the Conqueror** (7pm) & **Longtime Companion** (10pm) at the Starlight.... **Tune in Tomorrow** (7:15pm, 9:30pm) at the Park.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

SATURDAY 3 **Superconductor & Forbidden Dimension** at the Cruel Elephant.... **The Headbenders** at the WISE Club.... **The Hopping Penguins** at the Town Pump.... **Luther "Guitar Jr" Johnson** at the Yale.... **PhotoSoc Show** closes at the AMS Art Gallery.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse... **Art Vancouver '90** continues at the Robson Sq Conf Centre.... **Pelle the Conqueror** (7pm) & **Longtime Companion** (10pm) at the Starlight.... **Tune in Tomorrow** (7:15pm, 9:30pm) at the Park... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

SUNDAY 4 **The Belairs** at the Yale... **Ma Wing Shing Exhibition** opens at the AMS Art Gallery.... **Art Vancouver '90** concludes at the Robson Sq Conf Centre.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse... **Pelle the Conqueror** (7pm) & **Longtime Companion** (10pm) at the Starlight.... **Tune in Tomorrow** (7:15pm, 9:30pm) at the Park.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

MONDAY 5 **CiTR presents Shindig '90 at the Railway Club**.... **Saffire** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre.... **Lost & Found** at the ANZA Club.... **The Belairs** at the Yale.... **UBC Chamber Wind Ensembles** (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR Classics Night** at the Pit Pub.... **Ma Wing Shing Exhibition** continues at the AMS Art Gallery.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse.... **Mo' Better Blues** (7pm) & **Do the Right Thing** (9:30pm) at the Starlight.... **Tune in Tomorrow** (7:15pm, 9:30pm) at the Park.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

TUESDAY 6 **Kronos Quartet** at the Centennial Theatre... **John Renbourn & Bert Jansch** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre.... **Major Handy & the Wolf Couchons** at the Backstage Lounge... **The Belairs** at the Yale.... **CiTR World Beat Night** at the Pit Pub.... **Mo' Better Blues** (7pm) & **Do the Right Thing** (9:30pm) at the Starlight.... **Tune in Tomorrow** (7:15pm, 9:30pm) at the Park.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

WEDNESDAY 7 **Mary** with **MC Terror** T at the Cruel Elephant.... **The Belairs** at the Yale.... Wednesday Noon-Hour Series with **Eric Wilson** (violincello) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR Hot Wednesdays** at the Pit Pub.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse.... **Roma** (7pm) & **Satyricon** (9:30pm) at the Starlight.... **Tune in Tomorrow** (7:15pm, 9:30pm) at the Park.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

THURSDAY 8 **CiTR presents the opening of Time Flies with Bill Frisell & Wayne Horvitz plus Garbo's Hat (8pm, Vancouver East Cultural Centre) & Roger Baird's Sirius Ensemble (11pm, Glass Slipper)**.... **The Sloaters** at the Cruel Elephant.... **The Tailgators** with **Last Wild Sons** at the Town Pump.... **The Belairs** at the Yale... **UBC Mixed Chamber Ensembles** (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR Cool Thursdays** at the Pit Pub... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse... **Roma** (7pm) & **Satyricon** (9:30pm) at the Starlight... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

FRIDAY 9 **CiTR presents Bob Mould at the New York Theatre (all ages)**.... **CiTR presents Time Flies with Marilyn Crispell Trio plus Tom Walsh & N.O.M.A. (8pm, Vancouver East Cultural Centre) & Paul Blaney Quartet (11pm, Glass Slipper)**.... **The Sloaters** at the Cruel Elephant.... **Andy M. Stewart** & **Manus Lunny** at the WISE Club.... **Victor Borge** at the Orpheum.... **The Belairs** at the Yale... **Victor Borge** at the Orpheum.... **Paul Hyde** with **Memory Day** at the Town Pump.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse... **The Navigator** (7:30pm) & **Wings of Desire** (9:30pm) at the Starlight.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

SATURDAY 10 **CiTR presents Time Flies with Peter Brotzmann with Kane/Taylor Explosion (8pm, Vancouver East Cultural Centre) & Tom Walsh & N.O.M.A. (11pm) at the Glass Slipper**.... **The Sloaters** at the Cruel Elephant.... **The Belairs** at the Yale.... **Paul Hyde** with **Memory Day** at the Town Pump.... **Ma Wing Shing Exhibition** closes at the AMS Art Gallery.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse... **The Navigator** (7:30pm) & **Wings of Desire** (9:30pm) at the Starlight.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

SUNDAY 11 **CiTR presents Time Flies with Direct Sound (5:30pm, Western Front) & Jade Orchestra (8pm, Vancouver East Cultural Centre) & Bill Clark Sextet (11pm, Glass Slipper)**.... **Steve Forbert** at the Town Pump.... **AMS Collection Exhibition** opens at the AMS Art Gallery featuring new acquisition **Rodney Graham's Sculptural Piece**.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse.... **The Navigator** (7:30pm) & **Wings of Desire** (9:30pm) at the Starlight.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

MONDAY 12 **CiTR presents Shindig '90 at the Railway**.... **Pieces of Lisa** at the Town Pump.... **Holly Cole Trio** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre.... **Chubby Carriere** at the Yale.... **UBC String Chamber Ensembles** (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR Classics night** at the Pit Pub.... **AMS Collection Exhibition** continues at the AMS Art Gallery featuring new acquisition **Rodney Graham's Sculptural Piece**.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse... **Modern Times** (7:15pm) & **The Great Dictator** (9pm) at the Starlight.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

TUESDAY 13 **Steel Pole Bath Tub** with **God Bullies** at the Cruel Elephant.... **Alan Dobb & Dumela** at the Town Pump.... **Chubby Carriere** at the Yale... **CiTR World Beat Night** at the Pit Pub.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse... **Modern Times** (7:15pm) & **The Great Dictator** (9pm) at the Starlight.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

WEDNESDAY 14 **Steel Pole Bath Tub** with **God Bullies** at the Cruel Elephant.... **Living Colour** at the Commodore... **Sacred Reich, Atrophy, Bitter End** at the Town Pump.... **Steven Lee** at the VECC... **Chubby Carriere** at the Yale... **Wednesday Noon-Hour Concert Series** with **Geoffrey Michaels** (violin) & **Douglas Finch** (piano) (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR Hot Wednesdays** at the Pit Pub.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse... **Dersu Usala** (6:45pm) & **Ran** (9:15pm) at the Starlight.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

THURSDAY 15 **Furnaceface** at the Cruel Elephant... **Lemonheads** at the Town Pump.... **Living Color** at the Commodore... **Curtis Salgado** at the Yale.... **UBC Contemporary Players** (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR Cool Thursdays** at the Pit Pub... 8continues at the Roundhouse... **Dersu Usala** (6:45pm) & **Ran** (9:15pm) at the Starlight.... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

FRIDAY 16 **Death Sentence** at the Cruel Elephant.... **Persuaders** at the Town Pump.... **Queen Ida** & the **Bon Temps Zydeco Band** at the Commodore... **Curtis Salgado** at the Yale... **University Singers** (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **UBC Opera Workshop** (8pm) at the Old Auditorium.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse... **Black Rain** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Starlight... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

SATURDAY 17 **Death Sentence** with **Furnaceface** at the Cruel Elephant.... **River City People & Skaboom** at the Town Pump.... **Curtis Salgado** at the Yale... **Sweet** at 86 Street.... **The Furys & Davey Arthur** at the Orpheum.... **UBC Opera Workshop** (8pm) at the Old Auditorium.... **AMS Collection Exhibition** closes at the AMS Art Gallery featuring new acquisition **Rodney Graham's Sculptural Piece**.... **Artropolis 90** continues at the Roundhouse... **Black Rain** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Starlight... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

SUNDAY 18 **Furnaceface** at the Town Pump.... **The Rippingtons** at the Commodore... **The University Singers** (8pm) at the Recital Hall.... **AMS Collection Exhibition** opens at the AMS Art Gallery featuring **Canadian progressive art**.... **Artropolis 90** closes at the Roundhouse... **Black Rain** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Starlight... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

MONDAY 19 **CiTR presents Shindig '90 at the Railway**.... **Eddy Shaw** at the Yale.... **CiTR Classics night** at the Pit Pub.... **AMS Collection Exhibition** continues at the AMS Art Gallery featuring Canadian progressive art.... **Black Rain** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Starlight... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

TUESDAY 20 **The Mummies** with **The Smugglers & The Phantom Surfers** at the Town Pump.... **Eddy Shaw** at the Yale.... **Faculty Recital** with **Kathleen Randolph** (flute) & **John Rudolph** (percussion) (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR World Beat Night** at the Pit Pub.... **Black Rain** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Starlight... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

WEDNESDAY 21 **She** at the Town Pump.... **Eddy Shaw** at the Yale... **Wednesday Noon-Hour Concert Series** with **Vladimir Levlov** (piano) at the Recital Hall.... **UBC Choral Union** (8pm) at the Recital Hall.. **CiTR Hot Wednesdays** at the Pit Pub... **Black Rain** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Starlight... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

THURSDAY 22 **Catherine Wheel** at the Town Pump... **The Mighty Diamonds** with **Messenjah** at the Commodore... **Jim Byrnes** at the Yale... **UBC Choral Union** (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR Cool Thursdays** at the Pit Pub... **Black Rain** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Starlight... **Festival of Animation** (7pm, 9:30pm) at the Ridge...

FRIDAY 23 **CiTR presents Beat Farmers & the Hardrock Miners at the Commodore**.... **Screaming Trees** at the Cruel Elephant.... **The Beaulifuf** with **The Leslie Spit Tree-o** at the Town Pump.... **Jim Byrnes** at the Yale... **UBC Stage Band** (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **The Handmaid's Tale** (7:15pm) & **Clockwork Orange** (9:30pm) at the Starlight...

SATURDAY 24 **CiTR presents Beat Farmers & the Hardrock Miners at the Commodore**.... **Screaming Trees** at the Cruel Elephant.... **Roots Roundup** & **The Leslie Spit Tree-o** at the Town Pump.... **Jim Byrnes** at the Yale... **The Handmaid's Tale** (7:15pm) & **Clockwork Orange** (9:30pm) at the Starlight...

SUNDAY 25 **Holly Near** & **Judy Small** at the VECC... **Katharina Oriner's The Water in My House** (sculpture, prints, paintings) opens at the AMS Art Gallery.... **The Handmaid's Tale** (7:15pm) & **Clockwork Orange** (9:30pm) at the Starlight...

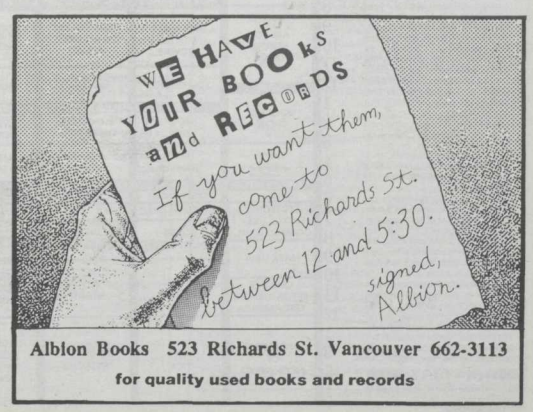
MONDAY 26 **CiTR presents Shindig '90 at the Railway**.... **UBC Student Composers Concert** (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **Collegium Musicum** (8pm) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR Classics night** at the Pit Pub... **Katharina Oriner's The Water in My House** (sculpture, prints, paintings) continues at the AMS Art Gallery... **Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!** (7:30pm) & **Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed** (9:30pm) at the Starlight...

TUESDAY 27 **Luis Enrique Meja Godoy** at the VECC... **Pontiax** at the Yale.... **Collegium Musicum** (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR World Beat Night** at the Pit Pub.... **Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!** (7:30pm) & **Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed** (9:30pm) at the Starlight...

WEDNESDAY 28 **Loreena McKennit** at the VECC.... **Club of Rome** with **A Day in Paris** at the Town Pump.... **Pontiax** at the Yale... **Wednesday Noon-Hour Concert Series** with **Wendy Neilsen** (soprano) & **Mark Morash** (piano) (12:30pm) at the Recital Hall.... **CiTR Hot Wednesdays** at the Pit Pub.... **The Draughtman's Contract** (7:15pm) & **The Cook, the Thief, his Wife & her Lover** (9:30pm) at the Starlight...

THURSDAY 29 **Loreena McKennit** at the VECC... **Pontiax** at the Yale... **UBC Symphony Orchestra** (12:30pm) at the Old Auditorium.... **Distinguished Artists' Series** with **Joseph Shore** (baritone) & **Rena Sharon** (piano) at the Old Auditorium.... **CiTR Cool Thursdays** at the Pit Pub... **The Draughtman's Contract** (7:15pm) & **The Cook, the Thief, his Wife & her Lover** (9:30pm) at the Starlight...

FRIDAY 30 **Bob's Your Uncle** at the Town Pump.... **Loreena McKennit** at the VECC... **Pontiax** at the Yale... **UBC Symphony Orchestra** (8pm)at the Old Auditorium.... **Katharina Oriner's The Water in My House** (sculpture, prints, paintings) continues at the AMS Art Gallery... **My Sweet Little Village** (7:15pm, 9:30pm) at the Starlight...



SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM The newest new music: Ligeti, Dhomont, Schittke, Lutakowski, Birtwistle. Information on concerts, recordings, composers with Ian Crutchley.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM News, sports, weather and more with the CITR News, Sports and Weather Department.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska with George Barrett.

THE SUNDAY NEWS MAG 5:00-6:30PM Coverage and analysis of UBC News plus news and sports, daily editorial commentary, entertainment reviews and reports on events here at UBC all in a comprehensive and comprehensible magazine package. And we promise, no traffic reports.

HEAR SAY 5:30-6:00PM CITR's literary arts program needs YOU to submit your works for on-air performance or reading (by you or us, your choice).

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS/DE-COMPOSITIONS 6:00-8:00PM Information, news, interviews, political analysis from the global cultures of resistance hosted by Horacio de la Cueva, alternating Sundays with De-Compositions.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraodinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Altos, California).

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM From the famous siren to the not-so-famous BBC Radio News Reel, woke up with the CITR Morning Show. Information to go: news, sports, weather and 'scenic view' reports, features, entertainment reviews and Alberta hog prices.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Are you blue? Get Brown! Your favourite brownsters James and Peter offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic with an excitingly luscious blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM News, sports and weather.

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-6:30PM See Sunday for details.

FACING THE MUSIC 6:00-6:30PM A music/informational hour with an emphasis on awareness and sanity with Wayne Davis.

BOXER SHORT BOYZ 7:00-9:00PM Wear boxer shorts and walk with confidence. Jerome Broadway and Garnet Timothy Harry alternate weeks.

THE JAZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

5th *Looking Ahead* one of pianist/composer Cecil Taylor's important early recordings. Cecil was still using the rhythm section in the traditional manner but his piano playing and that of the late Earl Griffith on vibraphone (his only recording) were anything but conventional.

13th *Crescenta* classic by The John Coltrane Quartet: Mr Coltane on tenor, McCoy Tyner on piano, Jimmy Garrison on bass, Elvin Jones on drums. The 4tet had reached one of their peaks when this was recorded in 1963.

20th Composer Gary McFarland's masterpiece: ***America the Beautiful (an Account of its Disappearance).*** Composed in 1968 and featuring an all-star orchestra, this sad, funny and satirical suite offers the composer's feelings on the deterioration on his country.

26th One of the finest small groups of all times, the Benny Goodman Trio (Goodman clarinet, Teddy Wilson piano, Gene Krupe drums) and Quartet with the only surviving member Lionel Hampton (vibraphone) in 'live' performances recorded in 1937 and 1938.

TUESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM See Monday for details.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM See Monday for details.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00PM Country music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. With yer host-poke Jeff Gray.

AVANT PIG 3:00-5:00PM Avant-garde thuggery with Pete Lutwyche. First Tuesday each month: World Music Exploration.

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM See Monday for details.

B.C. FOLK 5:30-7:00PM The thoughts and music of B.C. 'folk' artists, hosted by Barb Waldern.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Demo Director Dale Sawyer provides some insight into the best and the worst of the newest Canadian music.

WOLF AT THE DOOR 9:00PM-12:00AM Into alternate universes? Historical events which might have happened and didn't? The latest in dance music and interesting drama? Every second week. With Lupus Vanderboy.

WEDNESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM See Monday for details.

MY HEAD'S THROBBING 8:15-10:00AM In an ideal universe, there will be recordings from the UBC School of Music on the first Wednesday of the month. Coming up in the next months: Contemporary Players and the UBC Orchestra.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM See Monday for details.

PAULA'S MUG 3:00-5:00PM The only alternative to KLYN.

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM See Monday for de-tails.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 6:00-7:00PM It's Rowena's AK-to- OR show. Only problem is there ain't been no AK. So all youse musical AK folks (BC, OR & WA folks too) send yer stuff this-a-way.

JIGGLE 7:00-9:00PM Hare Mikey Hare Mikey, Mikey Hare Mikey Hare Hare Gav Hare Gav, Gav Hare Gav Hare, Hare Hare Gav Gav, Hare Hare Mikey Mikey.

PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK 9:00-12:00AM Permanent ('per-mə-nənt): lasting, intented to last, indefinitely. **Culture** ('kəl-chər): (1) the civilisation of a given race or nation at a given time or over all time; (2) the raising of microorganisms in specially prepared media for scientific study. **Shock** ('shäk): (1) violent collision, concussions; (2) sudden and disturbing mental and physical impressions.

THURSDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM See Monday for details.

WHITE NOISE 8:15-10:00AM Mountain climbing trips, ambient soundscapes, grungy old prog-rock albums, *Twin Peaks* and WS Burroughs. Specials: Material, Gabriel (C-90 recommended) and Hawkwind. With Chris Brayshaw.

NOW YOU HAS JAZZ 10:00AM-12:30PM Jazz with Tommy Paley; special feature at noon.

R.J. MOORHOUSE 12:30-1:30PM The big fat mouth is back, bigger and better than ever. This year broadcast LIVE from the Conversation Pit in the Student Union Building.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM See Monday for details.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM
——HARD——JINX——
——ERIC——CORE——

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM See Monday for details.

ARTS CAFE 5:30-6:00PM Be updated, be with it, be informed about Art, theatre, film and any other cultural event happening in Vancouver. With Antje!

TOP OF THE BOPS 6:00-7:00PM Musical chef Marc Coulevin boils up a tasty pot of gumbo stew.
1 c. rockabilly fools
2 tbsp. wild western swingers
2 tbsp. rompin' R&Bers
4 tsp. jumpin bluesmen
3 tsp. country swingers
a pinch of doo wop
a zest of cajun and zydeco
and a dash of surfin' intros
Stir well and simmer. Bon appetit!

OUT FOR KICKS 7:00-9:00PM Wildbeat protest youth with Pat and Lisa.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local music played by Adam, Ed, Tom, Janis and Andy from 9 to 10. Live bands from 10 to 11. Shindig!!!!
15th Pee Wee Manson
22nd Medusa's Raft
29th Fat Americans

SOUND OF REALITY 11:00PM-1:00AM Experimental Radio, with Vision! Featuring environmental sounds, found noises, information/propaganda and the world's ethnic and experimental musics from the auditory fringe. Live! Contributions welcome. Practitioner: Anthony Roberts.

MEGABLAST! 1:00-4:00AM 'Ittin' weights 'ti make ya biggo, but it'll me and you'll be a dead-ass nigga": Bushwick Bill, Geto Boys... "don't need no air, no sex, no food" X Clan... feed-backgammon... "my man Coal Split" is in the house": The Afros

FRIDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM See Monday for details.

SCRAMBLED EGGS 8:15-10:30AM A virtual potpourri of sounds from the smooth to the crunchy. Music to help you get your toast down.

MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM Join host Ken MacIntyre as he takes you on a tour through the silver screen's back lot of live with film news, reviews, interviews and soundtracks.

VENUS FLYTRAP 11:00AM-1:00PM Greg's gonna play lots o' hip hoppy, rappy stuff. And he's gonna say lots o' dumb things. Tune in, brothers and sisters.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM See Monday for details.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN 1:15-2:30PM The greenest of the CITR DJ crop try to germinate and take root on the air. If you are interested in CITR programming opportunities, call the Program Director at 228-3017.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE 2:30-3:30, 4:00-5:00PM Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organised and unorganised aurality, power electricians and sound collage: 100 % Canadian industrialism.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Star-board!

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM See Monday for details.

HOME VIDEO INTERNATIONAL 6:00-9:00PM Movies remixed for radio. Taping this program is strictly prohibited.

FOR THE RECORD 6:30-6:45PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's **Radio Free America** series.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:30AM Get out your flared pants, put on your dancing shoes and prepare yourself for 3 1/2 hours of house, new beat and a little disco and rap. Dope jams and fresh beats for a groovy evening with DJ Noah on the wheels of steel.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Steve Edge hosts Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/roots/rogue folk music radio show. Now in its sixth year on CITR! Roots music from around the world, new releases, studio guests, and the World Cup Football Report at 11:30.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM News, sports, weather and an appropriate amount of more.

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

IN EFFECT 3:00-5:00PM The Hip Hop Beat brought to you by DJ's Somethin' Smooth, BZ Jam and Chazzy B.

THE SATURDAY MAG 5:00-5:30PM See Monday for details.

THE YAP GAP 5:30-6:00PM Hear fiatures in the Arts world talk about their works, other people's works and anything else that occurs to them. Hosted by Antje Rauwerda.

RADIO FREE PARKING 10:00PM-1:00AM A radio show with a lifeforce all its own. Mixes come from seemingly nowhere much like the radio signals you pick up. An aural parking lot for the muses. No expectations. No disappointments.

THE ELECTRIC ENEMA 1:00-4:00AM Try it. It'll keep you regular. Check us out on th 10th for an all punk rock show; old and new. Fuck classic rock.

CITR SPORTS

Once again, the crack CITR Sports Team will be covering the UBC Thunderbird action in selected varsity games in ice hockey, football and basketball. Play-by-play action pre-empts regular CITR.

FOOTBALL
Saturday November 3rd at 1:00pm vs. University of Calgary

ICE HOCKEY
Sunday November 4th at 1:30pm vs. University of Manitoba
Friday November 23rd at 7:30pm vs. University of Brandon
Friday January 18th at 7:30pm vs. University of Alberta
Saturday February 2nd at 7:30pm vs. Universityof Lethbridge
Friday February 8th at 7:30pm vs. University of Saskatchewan
Friday February 22nd at 7:30pm vs. University of Calgary

BASKETBALL
Friday November 2nd at 7:30pm vs. Simon Fraser University
Saturday November 17th at 8:00pm vs. University of Saskatchewan
Friday November 30th (time TBA) vs. University of Victoria
Saturday December 1st (time TBA) vs. University of Victoria
Saturday January 12th at 8:00pm vs. University of Lethbridge
Saturday January 26th at 8:00pm vs. University of Alberta
Saturday February 9th at 8:00pm vs. University of Calgary
B.C. High School Basketball Final Saturday March 16th, time to be announced.
CWUAA playoff schedules to follow.

WHOM & HOW

ARTS	ANTJE RAUWERDA
BUSINESS MANAGER	ERICK LI
CURRENT AFFAIRS	KIM TRAINOR
DEMOS/CASSETTES	DALE SAWYER
ENGINEER	RICHARD ANDERSON
ENTERTAINMENT	LUC DINSDALE
EXECUTIVE ENGINEER	ADAM SLOAN
LIBRARIAN	JEROME PRINGLE
MOBILE SOUND	LINDA SCHOLTEN
MUSIC	LLOYD LILIANA/RANDY WATA
NEWS	KIM TRAINOR
NEWS FEATURES	TRACY DOLAN
PRESIDENT	ROBYNN IWATA
PRODUCTION	MIKE LYSENG
PROGRAMMING	RANDY IWATA
SECRETARY	JOEL FRANSEN
SPORTS	JEFF PATERSON
STATION MANAGER	LINDA SCHOLTEN
VICE PRESIDENT	BARBARA ELGOOD
VOLUNTEER COORD'R	BILL BAKER

BUSINESS LINE	604/228-3017
DJ LINE	604/228-2487 (228-CITR)
NEWS LINE	604/222-2487 (222-CITR)
FAX LINE	604/228-6093
ENVOY ID	CITR FM
STAND IN LINE	ROOM 233,

EAST SIDE, SECOND FLOOR OF THE STUDENT UNION BUILDING, 6138 SUB BOULEVARD, UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, VANCOUVER, BC, CANADA V6T 2A5

SHINDIG-20

That local band competition is back. Shindig is held each and every Monday night at the Railway Club (579 Dunsmuir). Come on down and see three new and way ultra cooio bands each night vying to join first-round winners Bent in the grand finals on December 17th at the Town Pump!!

ACCESS

CITR provides free airtime for Community Access by groups and individuals. If you or your group would like to say something to someone somewhere, please call the PD.

	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
7	MORNING SHOW -- BBC WORLD SERVICE LIVE FROM LONDON AT 8:00AM -- MORNING SHOW							7
8	ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	CONFESSIONS OF A COFFEE ADDICT	MY HEAD IS THROBBING	WHITE NOISE	SCRAMBLED EGGS / MOVING IMAGES	THE SATURDAY EDGE	8
9								9
10								10
11	NEWS	SOULCHURCH	MOO-ZICK	MOO-ZICK	NOW YOU HAS JAZZ	VENUS FLYTRAP	NEWS	11
12	ROCKERS SHOW	AFTERNOON REPORT AFTERNOON REPORT AFTERNOON REPORT AFTERNOON REPORT						12
1		MOO-ZICK	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	MEDIA CONTROL	DICK CLARK'S HEAP O'HITS	IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN	POWER CHORD	1
2								2
3	BRENT ARGO	DAVID HAWKES	AVANT PIG	PAULA'S MUG	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NOISE ONE/ NARDWUAR/ NOISE TWO	IN EFFECT	3
4								4
5	DINNER REPORT DINNER REPORT DINNER REPORT DINNER REPORT DINNER REPORT DINNER REPORT DINNER REPORT							5
6	HEARSAY	SPORTS DIGEST	THE CYCLING SHOW	ARTS CAFE	...ELLIS FAILS	ENVIRO SHOW	KERENTAFFEHRZ	6
7	ELECTRONIC SMOKE.../DE-COMPOSITIONS	FACING THE MUSIC	B.C. FOLK	HANFORD NUCLEAR	TOP O'DA BOPS	HOME VIDEO INTERNA-TIONAL	MULLAN	7
8		BOXER SHORT BOYZ	THE UNHEARD MUSIC	JIGGLE	OUT FOR KICKS		THE NEW AFRICAN SHOW	8
9	MARK LUNN							9
10	ONE STEP BEYOND/RADIO FREE AMERICA	THE JAZZ SHOW	BEAT HEADS	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	HOME BASS	RADIO FREE PARKING	10
11					SOUND OF REALITY			11
12	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	MOO-ZICK	AURAL TENTACLES	OPEN COUNTRY JOY/OPEN SEASON	MEGABLAST!	DJ ALEX	THE ELECTRIC ENEMA	12
1								1
2								2
3								3
4								4

LONG GROOOOOVES - 10

Various Artists ..... *Duck and Cover* (Cargo/SST)
Bless ..... *Fame and Fossils* (Bad Taste)
Sebadoh ..... *Weed Forestin* (Dutch East/Homestead)
Various Artists ..... *Music on Hebrew Themes* (SRI/Chandos)
Solomon Grundy ..... *Solomon Grundy* (New Alliance)
Muslimgauze ..... *Intifaxa* (Extreme)
Slayer ..... *Seasons In Abyss* (WEA/Geffen/Def American)
Shirim Klezmer Orch ..... *of Angels and Horseradish* (Northeastern)
The Posies ..... *Dear 23* (WEA/DGC)
Various Artists ..... *Objekt 4* (Ladd-Frith)
Replacements ..... *All Shook Down* (WEA/Sire)
Harry Partch ..... *The Music of Harry Partch* (CRI)
Pieces of Lisa ..... *The Great Idaho Potato Famine* (Plump)
Salem 66 ..... *Down the Primrose Path* (Dutch East/Homestead)
Chumbawamba ..... *Slap!* (Touch & Go/Southern)
W.O.O. ..... *Telescope* (Vital Music)
Various Artists ..... *Celebrate the Sonic Arts* (Anna Hitt)
Scott B Sympathy ..... *Neil Yonge Street* (Smokeshow)
Cocteau Twins ..... *Heaven or Las Vegas* (PolyGram/4AD)
Sleep Chamber ..... *Sleep Or Forever Hold Your Peace* (Inner-X)
Jr. Gone Wild ..... *Too Dumb to Quit* (WEA/Stony Plain)
Paul Schutze ..... *Deus Ex Machina: The Soundtrack* (Extreme)
Eckart Seeber ..... *Piano and Organ* (Con Fuoco)
Clock DVA ..... *Buried Dreams* (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Various Artists ..... *Network Sound Sampler* (Network)
Matt "Guitar" Murphy ..... *Way Down South* (Antone's)
Klamydia ..... *Alpee* (Free Animals)
Various Artists ..... *Sound Generator* (Spiral)
Bo Diddley ..... *The Chess Set* (MCA/Chess)
Various Artists ..... *From Across This Gray Land No. 2* (Projekt)
Boogie Down Productions ..... *Edutainment* (BMG/Jive/Zomba)
Uzume Taiko ..... *Chirashi* (Aural Tradition)
Dwarves ..... *Blood Guts and Pussy* (Sub Pop)
Chumbawamba ..... *Slap!* (Touch & Go)
Dread Zeppelin ..... *Un-Led-ed* (Capitol/IRS)
Jane's Addiction ..... *Ritual de lo Habitual* (WEA)
24-7 Spyz ..... *Gumbo Millenium* (CBS/In-Effect)
Ali ..... *Array Saves* (Cargo/Cruz)
Chris and Cosey ..... *Reflection* (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Ass Ponys ..... *Mr Superlove* (Okra)
L7 ..... *Smell the Magic* (Sub Pop)
The Outback ..... *Baka* (Denon/Hannibal)
Afro's ..... *Kickin' Afrolistics* (CBS/RAL)
Kid Frost ..... *Hispanic Causing Panic* (A&M/Virgin)
Celtic Frost ..... *Vanity/Nemesis* (BMG/RCA/Noise)
Waterwalk ..... *Thingamajig* (Network)
Various Artists ..... *Taste Test #1 - Live from KXLU-FM* (Splatco)
Borrowed Men ..... *Media Whores Must Die* (Fiction OD)
Lemonheads ..... *Lovey* (WEA/Atlantic)
Gwar ..... *Scumdogs of the Universe* (WEA/Metal Blade)
Moev ..... *Head/Down* (Network)
Shuffle Demons ..... *What Do You Want?* (WEA/Stony Plain)
Various Artists ..... *Roadkill* (Dan's Rampant Records)
Bob's Your Uncle ..... *Tale of Two Legs* (Dr. Dream)
Majek Fashek ..... *Prisoner of Conscience* (MCA/Island/Mango)
Wazzo Ghoti ..... *Gone Ghoting!* (Skank)
Various Artists ..... *Frequency* (Mammoth)
Artillery ..... *By Inheritance* (Cargo/Roadrunner)
Rest in Pieces ..... *Under My Skin* (Roadrunner)
The Underthings ..... *The Underthings* (Rotundi)
Mantronix ..... *This Should Move Ya* (Capitol)
Wreck ..... *Soul Train* (Cargo/Play It Again Sam)
Young Gods ..... *Young Gods* (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Various Artists ..... *Disappearing World* (SRI/Saydisc)
John Waterman ..... *Warmth is the Fifth Room* (Nightshift)
Happy Flowers ..... *Lasterday I Was Been Bad* (Dutch East)
X Clan ..... *To the East, Blackwards* (MCA/4th & B'way)
Lee "Scratch" Perry ..... *From the Secret Labratory* (MCA/Island)
Various Artists ..... *The Belgian Garagemania Volume 4* (Boom!)
John Waterman ..... *The Dead Calm of Bashing...* (Nightshift)
LL Cool J ..... *Mama Said Knock You Out* (CBS/Def Jam)
Various Artists ..... *Sound Bites from the Counter Culture* (Atlantic)
Nervous Fellas ..... *Born to be Wild* (Nervous)
Leslie Spit Tree-o ..... *Don't Cry Too Hard* (Capitol)
Ravi Shankar and Philip Glass ..... *Passages* (Private)
Skinner Box ..... *The Playhouse* (Toxic Shock)
Heart Throbs ..... *Cleopatra Grip* (WEA/Elektra)
The Underthings ..... *The Underthings* (Rotundi)
Stereo MCs ..... *Stereo MCs* (MCA/4th & B'way/Gee St)
Ravi Shankar and Philip Glass ..... *Passages* (Private)
Hibridos 1 ..... *Zazhil* (Discos Pentragrama)
Annihilator ..... *Never, Neverland* (MCA/Roadrunner)
The Fall ..... *A Sides* (PolyGram/Beggars Banquet)
Deee-lite ..... *World Clique* (WEA/Elektra)
Carl Stalling ..... *Carl Stalling Project* (WEA)
Patrick Street ..... *Irish Times* (Festival/Green Linnet)
Danzig ..... *Danzig II - Lucifuge* (WEA/Def American)
Anthrax ..... *Persistence of Time* (MCA/Island/Megaforce)
Slappin' Mammies ..... *Blackface In Bondage* (Performance/Bizarro)
Jack Brewer Band ..... *Rockin' Ethereal* (Okra)
Sally Barker ..... *This Rhythm Is Mine* (Denon/Hannibal)
Untamed Youth ..... *More Real Gone Gassers* (Norton)
Indian Rope Burn ..... *Indian Rope Burn* (GGE)
Merzbow b/w S.B.O.T.H.I. ..... *split LP* (Extreme)
Living Colour ..... *Time's Up* (CBS/Epic)
Heretics ..... *Omnivore* (Skyclad/Get Hip)
Circle of Ill Health ..... *A Rhyme in Four Parts* (Subliminal Link)
The Pink Flowers ..... *The Pink Flowers* (Boom!)
Warratahs ..... *Too Hot for Sleep...* (Pagan)

CHARTS

Not for anger and despair, but for peace and a kind of home
- suicide note of Lewis Hill, founder of KPFA Berkeley, 1957

JIGGLE TOP 10

Melvins ..... **Fuck Melvins - Louder than Soundgarden** T-shirt
DVC ..... *Descendent Upheaval* (Manufacture Sound Output)
Black Sabbath ..... *Paranoid* (WEA)
Bino's on Broadway ..... *Banana Pancakes*
Suicidal Tendencies ..... *Lights... Camera... Revolution* (CBS/Epic)
Dickless ..... **"I'm a Man"/"Saddle Tramp"** (Sub Pop)
Coffin Break ..... *Rupture* (C/Z)
Urban Dance Squad ..... *Mental Floss for the Globe* (BMG/Arista)
Steel Pole Bath Tub ..... *Lurch* (Boner)
Sockeye ..... **"20000 More Lawns"** (Family Fest)

Compiled by Mikey and Gav

MEGA BLAST TOP 10

MC 900 FT Jesus with DJ Zero ..... *Hell with the Lid Off* (Nettwerk)
Merzbow/S.B.O.T.H.I. ..... *Collaborative* (Extreme)
Boogie Down Productions ..... *Edutainment* (BMG/Jive/Zomba)
X Clan ..... *To the East, Blackwards* (MCA/4th & B'way)
Various Artists ..... *Objekt No 4* (Ladd-Frith)
Pigs + Battleships ..... *Quando Quango* (Factory)
Paul Schutze ..... *Deus Ex Machina: The Soundtrack* (Extreme)
Bo Diddley ..... *The Chess Box* (MCA/Chess)
Lee "Scratch" Perry ..... *From the Secret Laboratory* (MCA/Island)
Afros ..... *Kickin' Afrolistics* (CBS/JML/RAL)

Compiled by Adam Sloan

AVANT PIG TOP 10

Naked City ..... *A Shot in the Dark* (Elektra)
Zoviet France ..... *Voiceprint Identification* (Red Rhino)
Marc Almond ..... *The Sea Still Sings In Her Heart* (Capitol)
Meat Beat Manifesto ..... **"Helter Skelter" 12"** (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Pork Queen ..... **"Beaconsend"** from *The Cane Toad Sessions* (cass)
Llwybr Llaethog ..... *Be?* (Concrete/Pinpoint)
Paul Shutze ..... *Deus ex Machina* (Extreme)
Sadus ..... *Illusions* (Cargo/Sadus)
Can ..... *Future Days* (Capitol/Enigma/Mute)
Harry Partch ..... *Castor and Pollux* (CRI)

Compiled by Pete Lulwyche

ELECTRIC ENEMA TOP 10

Junior Reid ..... *One Blood* (JR Sounds)
Pixies ..... *Bossanova* (PolyGram/4AD)
Cynics ..... **"Get My Way"/"Goin' Away"** (Skyclad/Get Hip)
Cordelia's Dad ..... *Cordelia's Dad* (Okra)
A.P.P.L.E. ..... *A Sensitive Fascist Is Very Rare* (Vinyl Communications)
Bob Mould ..... *Black Sheets of Rain* (A&M)
Lubricated Goat ..... **"Meating My Head"/"20th Century..."** (Sub Pop)
Ministry ..... *In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up* (WEA/Sire)
Doom ..... *Police Bastard* (Profane Existence)
Burning Spear ..... *Mek Ew Dweel* (MCA/Island/Mango)

Compiled by Tom Milne and Darren Molder

HANFORD NUCLEAR - 10

Fastbacks ..... *Very, Very Powerful Motor* (Popllama)
Hammerbox ..... **"Kept House"/"After All"** (Big Flaming Ego)
Various Artists ..... *Puget Power Volume Two* (Regal Select)
Food Giant ..... **"Death Row"/"Doubling Thomas"** (Chestnut)
Various Artists ..... *Little Boy Goes to Hell* (Popllama)
Treepeople ..... **"Making the D"/"PG"** (Battery)
Stagnant Water ..... *What's Up Your Butt?* (cassette)
Crypt Kicker Five ..... **"4th Hole"/"Bedouin Stomp"** (C/Z)
Dharma Burns ..... *Bliss* (Frontier)
Girl Trouble ..... *Stomp Shout and Work It On Out* (Dionysus)

Compiled by Rowena

SHORT GROOVES - 30

Die Kreuzen ..... **"Pink Flag"/"Land of Treason" 7"** (Touch & Go)
Hilt ..... **"Stoneman" 12"** (Nettwerk)
Derelicts ..... **"Misery Maker"/"Wash" 7"** (Sub Pop)
Garlic Boys ..... *Garlic Boys 7" EP* (Public Bath/Alchemy)
Amenity ..... **"This Is Our Struggle" 7"** (Vinyl Communications)
Hammerbox ..... **"Kept House"/"After All" 7"** (Big Flaming Ego)
Skeptical Confidence ..... **"Colors In My Mind" 7"** (Teenage Rebel)
Various Artists ..... *Japan Bashing Vol. 2 7" EP* (Public Bath/Alchemy)
The Mummies ..... **"That Girl"/"I'm Bigger Than You" 7"** (Pre-B.S.)
Frontline Assembly ..... **"Iceolate" 12"** (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Dickless ..... **"I'm a Man"/"Saddle Tramp" 7"** (Sub Pop)
Cyberaktif ..... **"Temper" 12"** (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Poison Idea ..... **"Just to Get Away" 7"** (American Leather)
Charlatans ..... **"The Only One I Know" 12"** (PolyGram/Situation 2)
Living Colour ..... **"Final Solution"/"Sailin' On" 12"** (CBS/Epic)
Inspiral Carpets ..... **"Commercial Rain"** (WEA/Elektra/Mute)
White Boy Worry ..... **"Survive" 12"** (Axis)
Joined at the Head ..... **"Consecrations Will" 12"** (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Artless ..... *Beer is Better Than Girls Are 7" EP* (Vinyl Comm's)
Karen Black ..... **"Alaska"/"Neiborachie" 7"** (Vital Music)
Tit Wrench ..... **"Go Back to Europe" 7"** (Vinyl Communications)
Legendary Pink Dots ..... **"Princess Coldheart" 12"** (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Rise Above ..... **"Beat It!"/"What It Is (Unity)" 7"** (Punk Etc)
The Blitzkrieg Boys ..... *The Blitzkrieg Boys 7" EP* (Teenage Rebel)
Omoide Hatoba ..... **"Surfin' in UFO" 7"** (Public Bath/Alchemy)
Crumblowers ..... **"Colossus"12"** (Headstun)
Dream Warriors ..... **"Wash Your Face in My Sink" 12"** (MCA/Island)
4-Tet ..... **"An Old Colonial's Hard Luck Story" 7"** (Okra)
Humidifier ..... **"Louder Than Your Mom" 7"** (Lubricated)
Napalm Death b/w S.O.B. ..... **split 7"** (MCR Company)
Springhouse ..... **"Menagerie Keeper"/"Soul Astray" 7"** (Dutch East)
Boogie Down Productions ..... **"Love's Gonna Get'cha" 12"** (BMG)
Valse Triste ..... *Valse Triste 7" EP* (Trash Can)
Stetsasonic ..... **"Anytime Anyplace" 12"** (Tommy Boy)
James ..... **"Come Home" 12"** (PolyGram/Fontana)
Luxuria ..... **"Jezebel" 12"** (PolyGram/Beggars Banquet)
Meat Beat Manfesto ..... **"Helter Skelter" 12"** (Cargo/Wax Trax)
Buffalo Soldiers ..... **"Penny" 12"** (Luke/Effect)
High Performance ..... **"Do You Really Wanna Party?" 12"** (Nastymix)
Smack Tan Blue ..... **"Jenni Lee"/"Heroin for Breakfast" 7"** (Art Art)
Reserved Rights ..... **"Herself"/"Ty-D-Bowl" 7"** (Family Fest)
Positive Approach ..... *Just Hang On 7" EP* (Conversion)
Soup Dragons ..... **"I'm Free" 12"** (PolyGram/Big Life)
Beat Happening ..... **"Red Head Walking" 7"** (Sub Pop)
Suicide Kings ..... **"Fist Fit"/"Bad Boy" 7"** (Adult Negro)
Misa ..... **"Shake the House" 12"** (Motown)
Face Value ..... *Coming of Age 7" EP* (Conversion)
Enemy Mind Feel ..... *Halflife of 10,000 Years 7' EP* (Raging)
Yes No Maybe ..... **"Anubodhi" 12"** (Reptile-West)

SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTY CLOTHES - 30

Me, Mom & Morgenthaler ..... **"Heloulse"** (from demo cassette)
Tankhog ..... **"Tears"** (from 2-track demo cassette)
Charlie Raby ..... **"Architecture"** (from demo cassette)
Baron Von Fokker ..... **"Beads of Cholesterol"** (live on 2310)
Mary ..... **"Heaven's Gate"** (from 3-track demo cassette)
Toxic Jimmy ..... **"Shark Attack"** (from *Assault with a Funky Weapon*)
Fat Americans ..... **"Yourself"** (from *Food, Folks and Fun*)
Glee ..... **"Vancouver"** (from 1-track demo cassette)
Bacteria ..... **"Your Tomorrow"** (from demo cassette)
Batter Heads ..... **"Dirty World"** (from demo cassette)
Excited Fun Daughter ..... **"Open Pores"** (from demo cassette)
Vasectomoids ..... **"Men"** (from demo cassette)
Puke Theatre ..... **"I Love You,..."** (from 20-track demo cassette)
Bent ..... **"One Man Killing Machine"** (from 3-track demo cassette)
Excited First Daughter ..... **"Sandrings"** (from demo cassette)
Crash Dummies ..... **"Exercising the Demons"** (from *Greatest Hits*)
Helen Gone ..... **"Walk at the Edge"** (from 4-track demo cassette)
Jazzmanian Devils ..... **"One Scotch, One..."** (from *Happy Hour*)
Vox Populi ..... **"Don't Know Why"** (from *On Beyond Zebra*)
Noise Floor ..... **"Too Much Negativity"** (from *Sideways*)
Sun Dog Sun... **"Tomorrow's Good Old Days"** (from demo cassette)
MC Terror T ..... **"PMRC"** (from *The Life and Times*)
Waltons ..... **"In the Meantime"** (from demo cassette)
Sound Butchers ..... **"Passing Glory"** (from 4-track demo cassette)
Small Man Syndrome ..... **"Silence"** (from 4-track demo cassette)
Tankhog ..... **"Reptilion"** (from 2-track demo cassette)
Rattled Roosters ..... **"'57 Cadillac"** (from *Get Wild!*)
Pork Queen ..... **"Beaconsend"** (from *The Cain Toad Sessions*)
Bruce Todd ..... **"Give It Back"** (from demo cassette)
Weehuggum ..... **"Bleed Me"** (from demo cassette)
Video Bar-B-Que ..... **"Subway SAM"** (from 6-track demo cassette)
Trembling Mimsies ..... **"Get Well"** (from *George Nelson's Karma*)
Land ..... **"Tarnished Gold"** (from demo cassette)
New Beatles ..... **"Centre of the Universe"** (from demo cassette)
Lung ..... **"Mother"** (from demo cassette)
Anhrefn ..... **"Y Fford Ymiaen"** (from *Rhedeg I Paris*)
Dead Head Cool ..... **"Waiting"** (from 3-track demo cassette)
@#*&! ..... **"Long Face"** (from *Bright Red Paint*)
Foreign Factor ..... **"Thanx 4 the Ride"** (from 1-track demo cassette)
Video Bar-B-Que ..... **"The Stegasaurus Show"** (from demo cassette)
12 Midnite ..... **"Suicide Ride"** (from 5-track demo cassette)
Common Language ..... **"Dead White Horse"** (from demo cassette)
Wongs ..... **"Haven't Fell"** (from demo cassette)
Blackpearl Yosef ..... **"Super Love Feeling"** (from *Sherbo Sherbo*)
Darkling Thrushes ..... **"Hall of Souls"** (from 4-track demo cassette)
Big As Life ..... **"Welcome"** (from demo cassette)
Tin God ..... **"Hazy Moon"** (from 6-track demo cassette)
Falling Spikes ..... **"Take"** (from demo cassette)
Valentinos ..... **"Gimme Some Action"** (from demo cassette)

Frosty Alpine Pleasures

by David "Chum" Carswœll

There once was a snowy bear named Jeremy. He wandered the hills foraging for goodies like berries and nuts. One day, by the lake, he noticed a large cow looking lonesome.

"Are you all alone?" said Jeremy.

"Yes, I am," said the lonesome cow. "Moo. I lost my friend while traversing a frosty alpine glen."

The snowy bear continued on his path, pondering the most horrible situation of the single solitary cow.

Then he stumbled across a little girl named Frauline who looked almost as lonely as the cow but not quite.

"What makes you not so lonely?" asked Jeremy.

"Because now you are here," she said as she walked towards him.

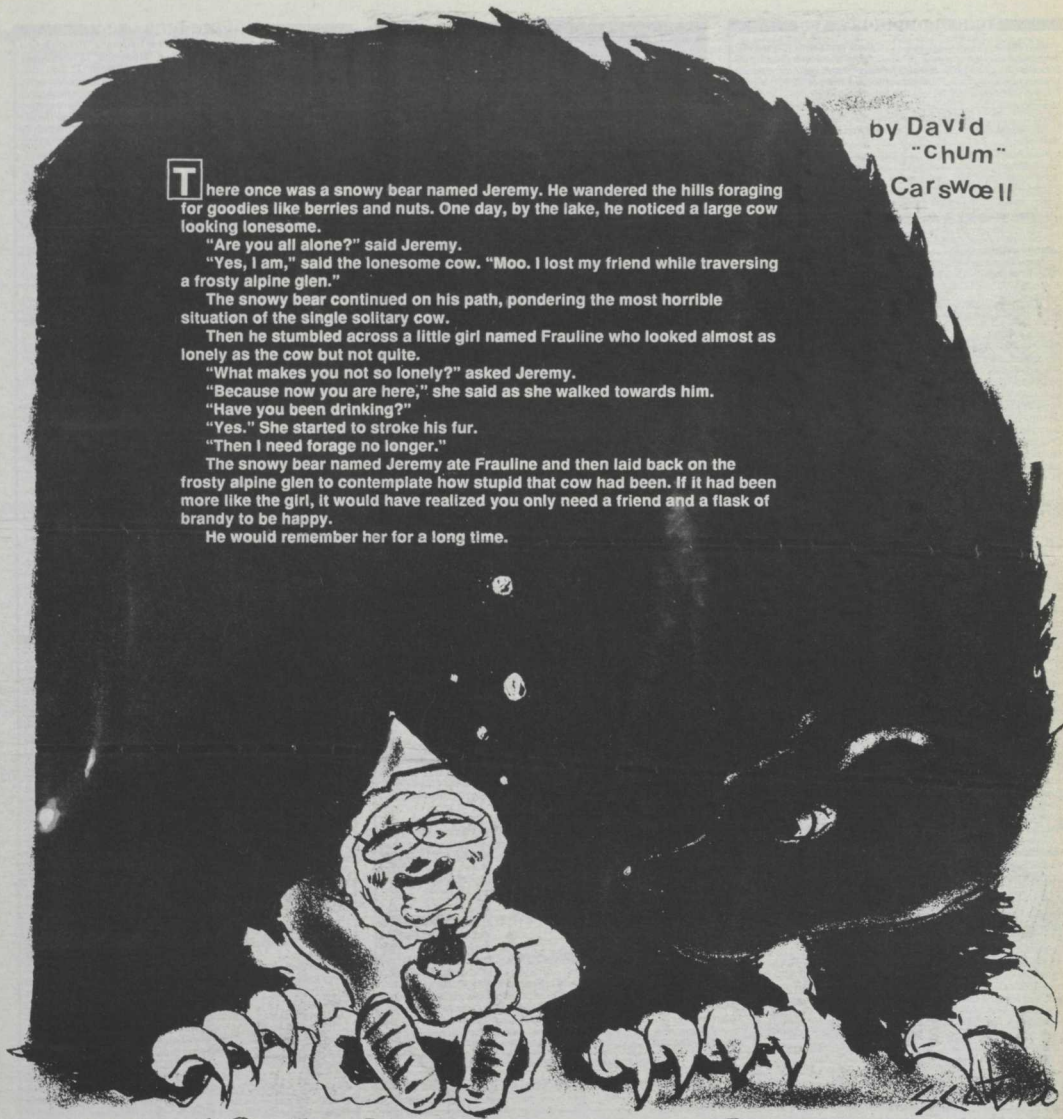
"Have you been drinking?"

"Yes." She started to stroke his fur.

"Then I need forage no longer."

The snowy bear named Jeremy ate Frauline and then laid back on the frosty alpine glen to contemplate how stupid that cow had been. If it had been more like the girl, it would have realized you only need a friend and a flask of brandy to be happy.

He would remember her for a long time.



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ARTROPOLIS 90 is the fourth in a series of large-scale exhibitions of contemporary B.C. art to be held in Vancouver. Like its predecessors, this exhibition developed out of the expressed need within the community to once again demonstrate the energy and diversity of the local art scene. The month-long exhibition will feature work by over 200 B.C. artists. These shows have now developed a three year cycle, and offer the rare chance to see the wealth of our regional talent side by side in one location. The unifying theme of ARTROPOLIS 90 is LINEAGES AND LINKAGES, an affirmation of the important inter-generational networks of influence, style, and media that exist among the artists of British Columbia. Artists cluster together voluntarily for many reasons; and they are linked involuntarily, by critics, scholars and curators through location, academic studies, philosophies, and networks. "ARTROPOLIS 90 is intended to be a controlled random sample of B.C. artists and current concerns" notes head curator Ann Rosenberg.

ARTROPOLIS 90

LINEAGES & LINKAGES

WHAT

A large scale exhibition of contemporary B.C. art featuring over 175 artists. Works in many media including video and performance.

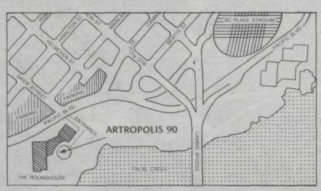
WHEN

October 19 to November 18, 1990
Hours: 10 AM until 8PM, Tuesday to Sunday
Opening Night on Friday, October 19, 8 pm
Admission: $2 — Thursday 5 pm to 8 pm Free

- Paint-In, October 13, Noon to 3 pm, V.A.G. Robson Street side
- Artropolis 90 / In Transit, October 22 to November 18, B C Transit stations — Granville, Burrard and Waterfront / Seabus
- Living Art Beneath The Stars, three different shows — November 1,2 and 3, 8 pm, Big Top Performance Tent, The Roundhouse Tickets $5: Blackswan Records, Highlife Records, Artropolis 90, Tamahnous Theatre
- Artist Talks, Sundays at Noon, the Roundhouse
- Group tours available: call 684-9099

WHERE

The Roundhouse, 1200 Pacific Blvd. at Davie, Vancouver, B.C.



OPENING NIGHT SOIRÉE
At the Roundhouse,
1200 Pacific Blvd. at Davie
Friday, Oct. 19, 8 p.m.

All are invited to attend the art event of the year, the Opening Night Soirée reception. This is a celebration about and for the visual artists in B.C. Get your festive dress out!

ARTROPOLIS 90 gratefully acknowledges the generous support of our sponsors:

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* Tape screens with Hank Bull's section.

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